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A REFERENDUM ON THE NEW DEAL

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE first national referendum on the New Deal in America will be held this month. It comes in the election on November 6th of a new House of Representatives and one-third of the enate. The nation has to choose between a continuation of oosevelt and the return of the Republican party. Roosevelt imself cannot be removed from the White House: his term oes not expire for another two years. But the country, if it leases, can send a Republican majority to Congress, which ould be the end of the New Deal.

No one believes the country will turn from the President, espite superficial evidences of revolt. The opposition of Big usiness is more vocal than before. A hue and cry has been aised over the loss of individual liberty under Roosevelt, and he anniversary of the signing of the Constitution was used as a ay of warning that the "land of the free" was losing its con- titutional rights. The American Liberty League, uniting some otable conservatives of both parties, has launched a national ampaign to stir people into resenting their loss of freedom. ndividuals do not now feel afraid to lambaste the President in ublic, which some months ago they dared not do. The tension f the critical days of 1933 has eased, and it not only is respectable o oppose the President, to do so is claimed by a few as proof of omely American virtue. But nothing would be more misleading han to describe the revolt as deep-seated, or the criticism as ation-wide. Fewer voters will turn from Roosevelt to the pposition than turned from Hoover to the opposition four years go. And while some voters will change over to reaction, as xemplified by the Republican Party, many others will be voting

for candidates who have gone further to the left than Roosevelt. This is true in California, where the Socialist novelist Upton Sinclair is running for Governor ; it is true in Wisconsin, and only less true in Mississippi and the State of Washington.

More important still than the immediate result in the election is the indication it gives of Roosevelt's certainty of re-election in two years. " As goes Maine so goes the Nation " used to be said of the September election in the New England state. But the election result in Maine has often given a false lead. Another election forecast has not yet been falsified : whichever party wins the mid-term congressional election wins the subsequent presidential election. The prophecy was unfulfilled once through a technicality when the Democrats narrowly won the mid-term election two years before the Hayes-Tilden contest. Tilden had a small popular majority in the country, but lost the presidency in the electoral college. But if the Republicans fail to win a majority this month, they can defeat Roosevelt in 1936 only by producing the swiftest change in political sentiment ever recorded in American life.

I have called the election this year a national referendum on the New Deal, but no one could be more aware that the voting will not merit so precise a description. The New Deal is not a programme ; it is not a philosophy. A voter can accept or reject a programme or a philosophy. But it is not easy to explain just what the New Deal is. To describe one must use abstractions, even generalities. The President is taking such measures as he finds will serve two general purposes, reform and recovery, and he thinks of recovery only in connection with reforms which will bring a better life for the great majority of Americans. Anything begun might be undone if it proved unserviceable ; anything not yet mentioned might be tried if the President were convinced it would serve his two abstract objectives. Roosevelt described himself as the experimenter, the quarter-back of the football team who called the plays and tried to get the ball across the goal line. At first this was considered a necessary attitude, since flexibility was required in the face of the crisis of 1933. But people did not realize it might be the attitude all through Roosevelt's time in office.

Nor is it alluded to here as a weakness. Roosevelt is a great

politician, perhaps the greatest ever engendered by democracy. The source of his power is his political sense, and in America it certainly is sound political sense not to be explicit. More people will vote for the President because they like him without being able to say whither he is bound, than would vote for him because they have seen his itinerary and want to go along. If the President moved avowedly to the Right (which is unthinkable) he would at once lose the support of the dissatisfied who comprise the American majority. If he moved avowedly to the Left he would lose the support of the conservatives in his own party and would rear up an issue of Right versus Left, which would make for much hotter times in America than he wants. Many wish he would come out and lead the Left, because they are convinced there is a Left majority in the country, and that issues must be faced frankly, Right versus Left, if democracy is to function properly. But it is better politics, in that it is safer politics, not to do so. What is more, it may be the President's own nature not to be too explicit within himself, not to feel himself held to a pre-determined road. If so, he serves best by expressing his nature.

To say that the election is a referendum on the New Deal is to say it is the expression of approval or disapproval of a general approach, of a method, of an attitude toward national problems, of the human warmth in Roosevelt the leader. The more one seeks for the exact words the more abstract the expression. But it is impossible not to be vague.

When one comes to the President's opposition, the Republican Party, the impoverishment of concrete thought is still more felt. Roosevelt does have attitude, approach, method, and human warmth. These qualities may not be easy to transmit through the medium of language, but they are real. But Republican doctrine to-day is devoid of much to justify description as reality. The line so far is to appeal for liberty and cry out against regimentation. The liberty in mind is that sacrificed under the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the N.R.A., the regimentation is the control under both schemes. There is criticism, too, of the growth of bureaucracy and complaint that judicial and legislative functions are being usurped by administrative bodies. The Republicans charge the New Deal with profligate spending

and condemn the unbalanced budget as leading inevitably to inflation. Naturally there is enough to attack in the New Deal and in the improvisations of the past two years, and the theory of spending is a reasonable issue. But the Republicans are not making it one. They are not explaining how under American conditions the national income can be increased without government spending. They appeal merely to the fear of inflation. As to their other criticisms, some liberty is being lost through government interference, some modification of strict constitutional practice is being found essential to quick action. But the majority of people do not know they have lost any freedom, nor do they believe the constitution is in danger. The Republican attack is nothing more than sniping.

The truth is the Republican party has been shattered, and even now, two years since the worst defeat in its history, it cannot rally its forces and put up a presentable fight. There is plenty of intelligence among Republicans, but the party still is in rout, still too frantic to stop running, to take account of what has happened, and to discover it has a public service to perform and a political and social philosophy to further. The Republicans are not dreaming of defeating Roosevelt and the New Deal; they are only dreaming that somehow Roosevelt will defeat himself. Sooner or later, they think, the New Deal is bound to collapse, the President is bound to disillusion his trusting public. This, of course, is not opposition at all in the sense of democracy, it is sheer political demoralisation.

The outcome of the election was early so certain that much of the interest of the national campaign was lost. The primaries of August and September and the Maine election told the story of November. Conservatism won only two victories. A gifted progressive woman, Mrs. Josephine Roche, was defeated for the nomination as Governor of Colorado, and Eugene Talmadge was renominated Governor of Georgia. In Massachusetts, Senator David Walsh, conservative leader of the State, saw his candidate for Governor beaten by Mayor Curley of Boston, running as a New Dealer. Conservative Governor Ritchie of Maryland, while renominated, felt constrained for the first time to endorse the New Deal. In New York, the Republicans decided not to run a reactionary against the Democratic Governor

Lehman, and chose instead Robert Moses, a protégé of Al Smith, who has done wonders as park commissioner for New York City, Long Island and the State, a triple appointment made possible by special legislation to use his capacities. Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, a conservative but regular Democrat, and one of the king-pins in the old Democratic machine, backed his colleague Senator Stephens for renomination against Governor Bilbo in his home State. Stephens had been merely correct in his support of Roosevelt in Washington. Bilbo, a political mountebank, outdid the New Deal in liberal promises, and swept the State. In South Carolina a former textile worker, campaigning as a poor man, won the governorship. And in California the Socialist writer, Upton Sinclair, dumfounded the nation by beating the Democratic machine and winning the nomination for Governor.

The more one examines these results in detail, the more one realizes how local they are, and how local the elections this month will be. If the New Deal is an unrounded programme, difficult to define, the referendum on it is quite as vague and indirect. It is dinned into English readers often enough that America is not a closely knit unity, that sectional interests prevail over national considerations, that the vast sprawling body of the nation has no centralized brain where motives are transformed into action. Even now, in the years of crisis, the focus is not so much on Washington as on the local candidate and the local problem. The election will be still less an explicit referendum on the New Deal than my title suggests. It will be the measure of a national mood, this to be expressed in the choice of local candidates, who will be judged chiefly for their attitude in local affairs. The sum of the choices will give a composite result, which will be described as the national outcome. And as the outcome must be to elect Congressmen who either will support the Administration or will oppose it, this local expression becomes a national referendum. In the individuals who go to the polls this month, there will be little appreciation that they are taking part in a national affair. A British general election is consciously national. An American mid-term general election, from a national point of view, is very nearly subconscious.

But if the outcome of the election is certain, it is nevertheless an intensely interesting event, partly because of unusual local

features. It is well to tell about the California situation in some detail, to appreciate how removed from the current realities in Washington more distant regions can become and how American political thought rises spontaneously in such regions.

The State machine for years has been under the domination of reactionary elements in the Republican party and Standard Oil, though a man like Senator Johnson succeeded in establishing a personal following. Here Mooney could be kept in prison despite the national demand for his release. Here employers could defy the rise of trade unions, here anyone mildly liberal could be hounded as an anarchist or communist, without knowledge of the distinction between the two. A majority of Republicans changed to a majority of Democrats under the stress of the depression. California had voted for Wilson, but that was not a change of party. This year more voters registered as Democrats for the primaries than as Republicans. The Democratic machine chose George Creel as candidate for Governor, and welcomed having the nominally Republican Senator Johnson as Democratic candidate as well. Creel had managed national war propaganda under President Wilson. The machine was under control of Senator McAdoo, Wilson's son-in-law. Not a sign on the horizon foretold that this respectably liberal group could not march to certain victory.

Then Upton Sinclair entered the lists. "End Poverty in California", abbreviated to EPIC, became his platform. He had no machine support, no election fund. He campaigned as a Democrat, saying he had ceased being a Socialist, but he had to live down his reputation. Not a single large newspaper supported him. He charged admission to his campaign meetings, and published and sold his own newspaper, *EPIC News*.

Sinclair kindled a great fire of enthusiasm in his campaign. The State is weighed down heavily by the burden of the depression ; nearly a million persons are in want. Sinclair's programme promised to give these people a decent standard of life, and to take them from the backs of taxpayers. He made his promises glibly, and at his meetings he met criticisms with a flourishing facility. Listeners either believed in his programme, or simply in the man's utter honesty.

The EPIC Plan has twelve points. The first three deal with

a scheme to make the unemployed into a separate community, working for each other, some in factories, some on farms, exchanging their goods through scrip money exclusive to their use. The State raises by a bond issue the huge sum needed to purchase idle factories and farms necessary to the purpose, but otherwise there is no payment for relief.

The remaining planks of the platform deal with taxation and pensions. The sales tax is to be abolished and replaced by a tax on share transfers. A State income tax, beginning with incomes of $5,000 reaches 30 per cent. on incomes of $50,000. The State is to have half of all inheritances of $50,000 received by any individual, and half of any $250,000 bequeathed by any individual. The tax on public utility corporations is to be increased. Homes and farms worth less than $3,000 are to be tax exempt, but those worth more than $5,000 are to be assessed a graduated tax, rising one-half per cent. for each $5,000 of value. Idle and unimproved building land and uncultivated farm land are to be taxed. Pensions are set at $50 a month, and are to go to all needy persons over 60 years old, to all the blind and those otherwise totally incapacitated, and to all widowed mothers with dependent children, with $25 additional for each child more than two.

Sinclair denied that EPIC was Socialism, and pointed to the powers of the Federal Government to lease and operate land and factories for use of the unemployed. He may have had a vague idea that there was little difference between his own barter paradise and the Ohio Plan, a limited barter system set up by the Federal Relief Administration. After his nomination Sinclair came East, was received by the President, fell under the sway of the President's personality, went on to Washington, where he was told in detail about the Ohio Plan, and returned to California to have an approximation of his EPIC programme adopted formally by the Democratic party which he was to lead in his State. What George Creel had denounced during the campaign as a phantasy, and the Eastern press had found to be mildly amusing, became the official Democratic doctrine in California. EPIC has been modified, the Ohio Plan being quietly substituted for the great barter community, yet it remains by far the most radical programme officially sponsored in any State by the Democratic Party.

The difference between EPIC and the Ohio Plan should be explained, if only to throw light on the growth of the barter system under federal supervision. In Ohio, a dozen factories have been leased by the relief authorities, and the unemployed are working in them making goods for each other. These goods are not on sale and can only be obtained by work. A man on relief already receives $20 a month, and works for it at the standard rate of his normal vocation. That is, a carpenter's hourly rate may be $1.00 per hour ; he then works twenty hours a month on some relief project for his $20. Thereafter he can work additional time to buy the products of the relief factories. No one else can buy the products of these factories, and only idle factories have been leased. The scheme is a method to stretch relief, and to give the recipient an opportunity to maintain a higher standard of life than is possible on $20 a month. The factories make chiefly clothing, house furnishings and furniture. But in every case a man on relief receives his $20 a month from the State, and his goods in barter are over and above that.

The EPIC plan was not a scheme to stretch relief, but to make the unemployed self-supporting. They were to be in an insulated community receiving no relief payments whatever. This might be a happy condition for the unemployed, but it would lower the level of consumption supplied by private business, which the Ohio Plan does not do. It is obvious that EPIC, if there are enough idle plants and farms to support a million persons in California, would reduce the activity of private business in California. It would do so by the amount now spent in relief. This, in turn, would deflate private business and create new unemployment. The newly unemployed would join the EPIC community, private business would further decline, and ultimately everyone in California would be living under the domain of EPIC, and private business would be bankrupt. No such roundabout road to Socialism-via-bankruptcy is taken under the Ohio Plan. The Ohio Plan causes a certain readjustment of business, but does not reduce its volume.

What is significant about California's nomination of Sinclair is that it did not mind if EPIC was Socialism-via-bankruptcy, and did not in fact think much about what it was. It simply liked the sound of it. What it wanted was an end of poverty. It did not

see it ending under Roosevelt, and when Sinclair promised to end it, Sinclair being an honest man, California voted for him. If the Ohio Plan is explained fully in California, it may be found acceptable to those who do not know much about such matters, or be treated as a step in the EPIC direction by those who know quite well what Sinclair was after.

Sinclair himself is not the extreme Left in California. Beyond him are the Utopians, a society which may have 300,000 members by election day. There are, too, orthodox Communists in the State, but not in numbers to have any effect. The Utopians are almost too delightful to be believed. Burning with the zeal and the *naiveté* which inspired such early American experiments as the Oneida Community, their programme is a hodge-podge of Communism and Fascism. Their organization is a secret society, with that ritual and mystery of a grand lodge so beloved by Americans. The ultimate objective of the society is a Utopian nation, based on production for use and not for profit. This nation would be governed by a central board. Everyone would study until 25, work three hours a day from 25 to 45, and thereafter draw a pension of $200 a month. His pay would be in paper money bearing his own number, and be worthless unless spent in a year.

To join this society one must pass through seven cycles of initiation. Each cycle is a pageant depicting the evils of capitalism, or the journey to Utopia, or the millenium itself. The first two pageants expose the exploitation of capitalism, the second two the pilgrimage to the Land of Utopia. Pilgrims make three stops: before a grain merchant, a clothing merchant, and a money lender. Each merchant loads the pilgrim with chains which retard his progress. Finally the merchants become entangled in the chains of " triple profit " and perforce join the pilgrimage. In the last three pageants the chains fall off, and Utopian life begins. Members are called hermits, and are known to each other only by numbers. Aside from the ritual meetings, where secrecy is sworn, the society organizes small group meetings of not more than twenty, where social and economic problems are discussed. To become a member, one must promise to bring in two more members, and thus the society hopes to engulf the nation with a geometric growth. The Hermits of Utopia voted for Sinclair at

the primary and will support him at the election this month.

This digression about California, the Utopians, EPIC, and the Ohio Plan may strike the reader as disproportionately emphasized in an analysis of an election in the whole country. But if it brings to his knowledge the hundreds of thousands of Hermits of California solemnly parading their chains, and as solemnly rejoicing at their ultimate attainment of paradise ; if it makes him aware of the impatience of the vast State of California with traditional politics, even the humanistic tendencies of the New Deal ; if it draws his attention to the kind of barter-economics growing up under federal relief, it justifies itself. It is easy, in an eastern city, reading the metropolitan press, to forget what kind of country is America. Submerged American opinion is in flux. The depression has destroyed the grand Utopia of high wages and high profits which was the national dream in 1927 and 1929. Other dreams must take its place. Roosevelt is modest, his aspiration is to remodel capitalism, to make it function on a basis which does not leave the great majority of American homes on the border of the minimum subsistence level. He is a practical man for whom politics is " the science of the possible". He knows, too, that the fight with big business is not yet won, and that victory may not be possible without still greater spending, and perhaps government banking, and a greatly diminished scope for individual motives of profit. To the right of Roosevelt is only big business, whose scheme of civilization is based on the supreme sanctity of property. To the left of him are the common people, like those in California, who believe things can be done more fundamentally and much more energetically. Probably the same kind of victory might be won in most other States as Sinclair won in California, granted other leaders of his vigour, integrity, and facility. The East will hardly go Utopian with the Hermits of the coast. But let the depression continue, let the numbers of relief mount, and even the East will listen to more radical programmes than the New Deal.

Political power in America lies now with labour and the farmers. Agriculture is bankrupt, and the farmer no longer feels himself a capitalist. No one can promise him the good days when he can sell vast surpluses abroad, and for a decade, at least, he must be content with earnings which will pay off his reduced

debts, and give him, on average, a few hundred dollars a year in cash for his family. Organized labour is growing stronger, but it still is not mature enough to use to the full the opportunities of collective bargaining opened by the N.R.A. A strong trade union movement may come in a few years, and by then union labour may play a decisive part in American politics. But for the present a better political leader of workers than the American Federation of Labour is the President himself.

America is to be understood only if one remembers that the country which had a national income of well over eighty billion dollars in 1929, now has one of forty-five billions. Political power in a democracy can remain with the business interests if they are employing the population at a tolerable standard of life, but it cannot remain with them if the standard has fallen nearly a half. The progress towards a national income of, say, seventy billions will be slow, and until it approaches that point the New Dealers, or perhaps the still newer dealers, will be on top. Farmers will never become a separate political party on a national scale, and certainly for years organized labour will not. There is no outlook for a farmer-labour alliance in the party sense. But the Democratic party now derives its power from the informal alliance of the two in their kindred poverty. And the Republicans cannot prevail over that alliance until they can offer a constructive programme which looks like working better than the New Deal. It is because of the farmer-labour alliance that the Democrats will win their majority in Congress this month ; and it is because the Republicans have no constructive programme that they cannot hope to defeat Roosevelt now or in two years.

If the Republicans offer none, and if the New Deal, after another six years of effort fails to raise the national income and the standard of living, political leadership will pass to anyone who can be as plausible to the whole country as Upton Sinclair was to the distressed Democrats and the Utopians of California.

LABOUR DECIDES TO WAIT

By Lord Elton

FOR some while before the Southport Conference the Press had encouraged the public to expect a good stand-up fight between the platform and Sir Stafford Cripps' Socialist League. There were whispers of a split, even suggestions of a victory for the Left. And it all came to nothing—as more or less similar predictions have come to nothing at every previous conference since there was a Labour Party. Indeed the public must have a remarkably short memory if it takes these exciting prognostications very seriously. For each year comes the same anti-climax. Always there is the platform clinging tenaciously to Right or Centre ; always there is the ponderous Trade Union steam-roller in reserve, to flatten out any restiveness among the local Labour Parties proper ; always there is the much-paragraphed, but foredoomed protagonist of revolt, Maxton or Cook or (it is strange to remember) Mosley.

Indeed, the instructed observer has only to acquaint himself each year with what passes at the previous Trades Union Congress to find himself able to prophesy with almost meticulous accuracy what will infallibly be decided a week or so later by its creature, the Labour Party. And this year at Dorchester, the trade unions had swung ponderously to the right. For the first two years and more after the shock of 1931, the leaders of unions and party alike have had to respond to the psychological needs of a distressed and bewildered rank and file by spending more time in shaking a minatory fist at the world in general than in preparing for the next election. Now once again the shadow of an impending election begins to fall across the Conference platform. The interlude of belligerent heroics draws to an end. Realities once more impose themselves. The electorate must be reassured. Sir Stafford must be crushed. The Unions must wheel Right.

After that, Press forecasts of trouble at Southport were a mere beating of the air. The trade union bosses had said, Turn. The Labour Party must needs turn too.

The trade union bureaucracy and Sir Stafford Cripps cherish mutually contradictory objectives. Sir Stafford wants the party committed to a swift, irrevocable and dictatorial transformation of our economic structure. The trade unionists want it to present itself to the country as a practicable alternative Government. And as the trade union bosses know well enough, irrevocable transformation of our economic structure is precisely what the British electorate consistently refuses to vote for. That is the barrier against which each year successive leaders of the Left continue to run their heads, until they are either stunned into submission or go forth like Mr. Maxton, to peg out yet another forlorn claim in the exiguous political wilderness which divides the Left of Labour from the Right, if it possesses a Right, of the Communist Party. For the trade union officials the only real tactical problem in an annual contest, in which they are monotonous and inevitable victors, is whether to instruct their caucus to put through resolutions which are genuinely " safe ", or by discreetly ambiguous wording to leave themselves a judicious liberty of manœuvre. And whether or not that is what they have in fact done this year seems to be the only interrogation mark which survives the Southport Conference.

It is natural that trade union officialdom should concentrate upon the attempt to make of Labour a practicable alternative Government. In the last resort what other utilitarian justification can there be for the affiliation of the trade unions to one political party ? There are, after all, powerful reasons against affiliation. Before 1900, in pre-affiliation days, the annual Trades Union Congress was a great political event. Whilst it was in session, almost every party politician had his ear, if not to the keyhole, at any rate to the ground. For it was always possible in one's next programme to bid, perhaps to bid high, for the trade union vote. Today it matters little what the Trades Union Congress says or does, for, in so far as the officials can dictate it (which nowadays admittedly is not very far), the trade union vote goes to the Labour Party, charm the opponents of Labour never so wisely. If the revolutionary hallucinations of the Left were

to keep Labour in permanent opposition, the trade unions would have permanently sacrificed the bone for its reflection.

For those who pull the trade union strings a Conference is no very formidable affair. Voting is not by heads, but by cards. Two powerful unions can thus outvote the whole of the constituency Labour Parties. A high proportion of the union delegates are in no sense of the word politicians. Many of them arrive at the Conference without having opened their agenda papers. They attend a preliminary conference of their own, are instructed how to vote—and proceed to vote according to instructions. That is the secret history of every Labour Conference. Anything supported by the Miners' Federation alone, most powerful of all unions with its four hundred or so votes, is virtually certain to go through. The bosses of *two* great unions, even if opposed by every constituency delegate in the Conference, can determine the policy of the Labour Party.

The lobbying of the all-powerful delegates of the larger unions, which the block-vote system entails, is naturally incessant. An acquaintance of mine told me that he was once playing billiards with a friend who was a candidate for the Executive, when one of the miners' delegates walked through the room. My acquaintance's opponent threw down his cue and rushed after the miner. Half an hour later he reappeared, too radiant to apologize. " I've got the miners' vote ", he whispered triumphantly. As far as he was concerned, the subsequent election had become a formality.

It is an open secret that non-union Labourites are increasingly restive beneath their servitude. Even that minority of the Party executive which specially represents the Constituency Parties is voted for by the entire body, dominated, even here, by the union vote. Last year an Association of Constituency Labour Parties was formed in a forlorn attempt to extend the rights of the helots. Its officers were perhaps not fortunately chosen. At any rate it was still born. The Labour Party is the party of the trade unions and will remain so. And with the unions already representing no more than a minority of the working classes, and, as the State progressively usurps their former functions, not improbably doomed to a further decline, the prospects of a Party which they control must at the best remain ambiguous.

Nor is it only the ignominious block-vote massacre of Socialist League resolutions which has made public the riveting of the traditional bonds the most conspicuous feature of this year's Conference. In the days, now long ago, before the crisis, when there were leaders in the Parliamentary Labour Party, in the Party Conference at least it was those leaders, rather than the Union officials, who controlled the levers of the ponderous machine. To-day there are no Parliamentary leaders and, almost for the first time since the war, a union boss stepped to the front of the platform and undisguisedly cracked the whip. It was not Mr. Henderson nor even Mr. Morrison who dominated Southport. It was Mr. Ernest Bevin. And as he stood there trouncing a rebel who had ventured to assail the official caucus, behind him a row of Parliamentary " leaders " listened with wooden faces to their own marching orders for the year.

Mr. W. R. Smith, of the Boot and Shoe Operatives, the chairman of the Conference, selected for his opening address an evergreen theme, the failure of the Capitalist system. For the economic structure of this country, with its B.B.C.s, Electricity and London Transport Boards, its Forestry, Traffic, and Coal Mines Reorganization Commissions, its Hops Marketing Board, its Milk, Pigs, and Bacon Boards, its state petroleum rights, its conditional shipping subsidies, its Import Duties Advisory Committee and its manifold public utility undertakings still, at any rate upon the platform, remains to the orthodox Socialist a " capitalist system ". This " system ", suggested Mr. Smith, had failed to deliver any goods worth speaking of. And yet, if he had chanced to be speaking to another audience, an audience of potential recruits to trade unionism, Mr. Smith, one suspects, would have made a different speech. He would have explained how, thanks largely to the beneficent activities of the unions, the standard of life of the working classes has improved out of all recognition during the present century. And, as the veriest tyro well knows, he would have been right. Mr. Smith may not realize that, even during the lean years, " the system " has increased the numbers of the employed—the expansion of the expanded industries more than counterbalancing the contraction of the depressed—but he must be aware that to the wage-earner in 1934,

the economic status of his predecessor of 1900, or even 1914, would be all but unrecognizable.

A brief interlude of discipline for Professor Laski and Lord Marley, who had sat on a Committee with Communists (as to which Professor Laski defiantly threatened that more is to be heard hereafter), and an exchange of personalities between Mr. Bevin and Mr. Aneurin Bevan which arose out of it, led up to a not very intelligible compromise between the platform and Sir Stafford Cripps upon the long-suffering House of Lords. The platform would seem to have selected this handiest and least costly of sops to Cerberus as a concession with which to stave off the impending Socialist League anathemas. What in fact it all amounted to is not altogether clear. Indeed, here we touch the one obscurity of this year's Conference. Has the platform in fact repudiated the out-and-outers, or, as several significant hints suggest, has it merely trampled on them in the interests of discipline, whilst reserving an opportunity, within the strict limits of the year's resolutions, of turning half-Left, should the electoral prospects alter, at a later date ?

As to the Lords, at any rate, all that seems to have occurred is that, whereas Sir Stafford hoped for a pledge that a Labour Government would plunge into a first-class constitutional crisis within a week or so of attaining office, the platform has promised to add a constitutional crisis to its other preoccupations at some unnamed later stage in its first administration. How precisely it would abolish the Second Chamber was not explained. But Mr. Lees-Smith appeared to be the only speaker who realized that there might be difficulties and even dangers about the job.

Any suspicions which may have been entertained by delegates, as to the precise mental reservations with which the Executive was executing its withdrawal to the Right, must have been reinforced by the defences of two passages in the official programme which were successively advanced by Dr. Dalton and Mr. Morrison. Dr. Dalton officially assured the Conference that another Labour Government would be very different " from anything known before ". The party would " take such steps within the normal lifetime of the next Parliament as to lay the foundations of the Socialist Commonwealth and to sweep away obstructions wherever found ". The words are, no doubt in-

tentionally, vague, but although they were uttered in the very act of releasing the steam roller to flatten out the Socialist League, it is obvious that they can, if necessary, be interpreted as something remarkably similar to the League's own policy. And when Mr. Morrison, in turn, was put up to defend the official policy of full compensation against the League's insistence on terminable annuities, he capped his dexterous reminder that at present the electorate would not vote for confiscation with the following remarkable words :

> He would sooner the State got into its control key industry after key industry until within a reasonable time they were substantially masters of the economic fabric of the community and of the means of production and distribution. Then would be the time to make the big decision, which he could assure them he would not be afraid to take when the time came, and to say that the burden of capitalized industry must stop and a settlement of accounts begin. Then they could make a fair, clean and equitable sweep.

" The big decision " which Mr. Morrison will not be afraid to take " when the time comes ", the " settlement of accounts " which is to be tantamount to a " clean sweep ", do not sound as if they would be so very unlike the policy of the League. Like the League's resolution, which he moved, Mr. Mitchison's recent treatise *The First Workers' Government** (whose adroitly timed publication suggested that it was intended as the manifesto of a Socialist League triumph at Southport) advocates terminable annuities, regarding compensation, at any rate of " capitalists ", not as a right, but as " a matter of expediency to tide over a period of transition ". This appears to be pretty much how Mr. Morrison regards it also. Once again the difference between them would seem to be largely a sense of electoral realities, a question of tactics rather than principle.

Mr. Morrison knows that a great majority of the wage-earners are themselves " capitalists ", in the sense that they possess savings and are " more concerned about their little capital investments than some of the capitalists were about theirs ". Neither Karl Marx nor H. M. Hyndman, of the Socialist Federation, foresaw this development. To both of them compensation would have been Liberalism at its most bourgeois, as to some of the Socialist League it still is. Perhaps the most cynical education in political realities to which an apostle of confiscation can be

* *The First Workers' Government.* By G. R. Mitchison. Gollancz.

submitted is to bring him into close touch with the effects of house-ownership upon the Socialist wage-earner—who frequently becomes in local politics a Conservative of Conservatives, grudging every penny added to the rates, every pound spent by the municipality, while continuing to clamour with undiminished ardour for huge national expenditure and its corollary, the mounting direct taxation—from which he is exempt. Of all this Mr. Morrison, of course, is well aware. And above everything, just now he is anxious not to alarm the electorate. Mr. Mitchison and his allies, on the other hand, while they may or may not have grasped the full significance of working-class capitalism, are certainly not afraid of alarming the electors. Sometimes, indeed, to alarm the electors almost seems to be their principal objective. Does not the blurb on the wrapper of Mr. Mitchinson's text-book announce in bold red type that it tells " anti-Socialists precisely what to fear " ? That and that alone perhaps in the last resort is the gulf between the Socialist League and the platform officials, but it is a wide one. For Messrs. Bevin and Morrison are politicians, and old hands at that ; whereas Mr. Mitchison and his friends are theorists, and there clings to them just that whiff of Chelsea and the lecture-room which makes one sometimes suspect that they take something of the same pleasure in startling the bourgeois with a programme as does the clever young novelist with a paradox.

Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison, on the other hand, are realists. They know that a propagandist who begins by trying to alarm his public is a mutt. They know that any campaign in which he is concerned is doomed. They know that it is your professor and your lawyer, not your working-man, who is a revolutionary. They know that in every country in which Socialists preach fear, Socialism is destroyed. And so there can be no mercy for the wild men or their drawing-room blood and thunder. The steam roller is their portion—now. Later on, " when the time comes ", when for one reason or another it no longer matters whether the electorate is alarmed or not ; in a word, when tactics no longer divide us, when means are forgotten and we can concentrate upon ends, then, hints Mr. Morrison to the Socialist League, if I interpret him aright, we may find that as to ends we do not differ so very much after all, and that we can forget our differences

in the mutual exhilaration of " the clean sweep ". All this, however, amounts at best to but a meagre consolation prize for the Socialist League which, like the I.L.P. before it, represents permanent revolt against precisely that realistic preoccupation with means before ends which has just triumphed once again. The Socialist League will not care a button for all Mr. Morrison's hints of clean sweeps to come, and probably very little even for the Executive's promise to abolish the Second Chamber later on. They must have a shrewd suspicion that when the time comes for the promises and half-promises to be redeemed, good reasons for postponement will, if necessary, be found again.

The rebels probably derived little more satisfaction from the discussion of foreign policy. Here, too, it was withdrawal all along the line. Convinced pacifists like Mr. Wellock must have been bitterly disillusioned. Their hopes have been running high. There had been last year's resolutions, to begin with. And had not the Party since then allowed itself, with every symptom of satisfaction, to be led in Parliament by an outspoken advocate of unilateral disarmament, who as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition had publicly urged young men not to join the fighting services ? Had not a by-election been won on a programme which it was hard to distinguish from unilateral disarmament ? True, Mr. Lansbury's deputy, Major Attlee, had latterly come out for League wars all over the world, and even Sir Stafford, though advocating the use of the general strike against a threat of war, had expressed a desire to retain our armaments, and had blamed the Government for not being prepared for war in the Far East. True, the official programme, *For Socialism and Peace*, had pronounced for the collective system and what wars it may entail. But at Southport at least, with such powerful forces, indeed with their own leader, on their side, might they not hope for once to upset the official programme ? Alas, these hopes, too, were doomed to disappointment. In common with other Parties, Labour, when it faces realities, finds itself committed to the Collective System. Mr. Henderson clothes this sober realism in talk of a Co-operative World Commonwealth about which, for anyone who surveys the Europe of today, there must be an unmistakable ring of fantasy. But here he was but repeating the cloudy idealism of *For Socialism and Peace*,

which persistently declines to think in terms of the world as it exists today.

None the less we do know that Labour is for the League—even though it may be the League of 1919—and its commitments. Labour has willed the end—if need be a League war. Does it will the means—the armaments to make a League war effective? Hitherto it has, on the whole, been the practice of Labour to vote for armaments in office and against them in Opposition. Mr. Lansbury said last year, " I would like to see the workers of every country refuse to make the foul weapons of modern warfare and risk starving rather than lend a finger to this devil's work ". He has himself, however, supported in the division lobby, when Labour was in office, no less than three series of Service Estimates, so that he was inviting the wage-earners to risk starving on behalf of an ideal for which he himself did not risk resignation. What does Labour say to armaments now? Unfortunately Southport tells us nothing.

At Dorchester the Trades Union Congress had spent much of its time in denunciation of dictatorship, the dictatorship of Fascists. The Russian dictatorship, though they frequently complain of its activities in England, neither Labour nor the unions have ever yet denounced. At Southport, perhaps because Sir Oswald Mosley was thought to be under a cloud, the Conference was less concerned about dictatorship. And in this connection it should be noted that the undoubted partiality of the Socialist League for dictatorial methods, provided that they are employed by itself, is proving infectious. There are many turns of phrase in *For Socialism and Peace*, and there were several hints in the speeches of even the official spokesmen, to suggest that the view that there can be no Socialist transformation without a dose of the dictatorial is gaining ground. There are many outside the Socialist League who have begun to think in terms of " emergency action ". The Labour rank and file is not ready yet, with the Socialist League pamphleteers, to look forward to a Civil Service purged of all but staunch Socialists, and to regional Commissions of sound Party men, on the Nazi model, superseding the democratically elected local authorities. But it has caught and faintly re-echoed the rising note of hysteria. It is learning to expect an immediate crisis if Labour should again

assume power. It is being familiarized with " emergency plans " for " instant " action. And this growing, and often quite unconscious, taste for the dictatorial peeps out in the most unexpected yet revealing places. Thus, at the instance of the Cambridge University Labour Party, the Conference decided for State control of the entire educational system. One of the advantages to be expected of such a scheme, it was explained, was " the elimination of all teaching calculated to encourage militarism or Imperialist ideas ". The schools and universities, in a word, are to be disciplined (and presumably the nonconforming teachers " eliminated ") in precisely the same manner, albeit for an exactly contrary purpose, as the schools and universities of Nazi Germany.

Nor does a soul at the Conference appear to have recognized this authentic whiff of Hitlerism for what it was. The dragooning and " elimination " of teachers in the interests of nationalism and militarism is dictatorship : the dragooning and " elimination " of teachers in the interests of internationalism and pacifism is not dictatorship. Many of the delegates, no doubt, are ingenuously unaware of the fundamental self-contradiction which underlies their whole attitude to dictatorship, but many, too, it is to be feared, know very well what they are about and, like all the other fanatics, do sincerely hold that coercion on behalf of ideals in which they themselves passionately believe is not coercion. Sir Stafford Cripps and the anti-democrats of his League only voice one of Labour's deepest, if usually least vocal, instincts. To their credit, it must be said, both the Conservative and Liberal Parties have consistently condemned dictatorship, whether of the Right or Left. Labour can always be roused to fervour against an anti-Labour dictatorship, but it has never wholeheartedly condemned dictatorship as such, and now never will.

The curtain of the Conference descended agreeably upon Sir Stafford's unexpected election to the executive. The big battalions wheel ponderously to the Right, carrying with them the leader of the Left. The choice of the Socialist League figurehead was a piece of characteristic common-sense. Sir Stafford (whoever told the big unions how to vote, must have argued) will learn much from watching at close quarters the inner workings

of the Machine ; while shedding some of his own extravagances he may yet also infect his more cautious colleagues with a touch of his audacity, which will be welcome enough when harnessed. And so next year maybe we are to see Sir Stafford defending official resolutions from the platform against his own former allies. Perhaps it will be Mr. Mellor (whom this year the delegates found more impressive than his leader) who will play next year's Sir Stafford. Be that as it may, *someone* will wear the rebel leader's mantle. And the Press will discuss the coming split. And the officials will frame resolutions capable of as many interpretations as possible. And the bosses will press the required button. And the steam-roller will go ponderously forth. . . .

ADAM AND EVE

By André Maurois

A MISTAKE most frequently made by the psychiatrists and novelists of our day has been to give too large a place in their studies to the sexual life and to their own thoughts on the subject. With a few exceptions the literature of the last thirty years, in England as well as in France, has been a literature of city life, of facile prosperity, written for women rather than for men. The male was made to forget one of his essential roles, which is to struggle with his fellows to create his own world; " not a world for you, my dear," but a world in itself beautiful and well ordered, a marvellous world, a world to which he felt that it was his mission in life to sacrifice even love, and happiness, and life itself.

On the publication of one of my works, a novel of sentiment, a young Englishman wrote me : " Monsieur, I understood the soldier-heroes of your earlier books ; I quite fail to understand the principal character of this one. He is unhappy ; he is in love ; he is jealous, and indeed all this is possible enough. But why is he for ever dwelling on these gloomy thoughts ? Has he nothing to do, then ? You say that he runs a factory. Let him attend to that and he will forget his imaginary woes."

This Oxford student was not mistaken. Not that my hero was not true to life. I had observed, we all observe every day, men who resemble him. He had not a healthy mind. He had formed an image of life that was incomplete and false. Kipling's heroes who struggle in India with flood and famine have no time for " unravelling the feelings ". They fall in love, yes, but it is their job that remains their master passion. And above all they fall in love with women who resemble them, who respect their work and are capable of fidelity to them in their absence.

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" It is not woman ", writes D. H. Lawrence, " who claims the highest in man. It is man's own religious soul which drives

him on, beyond woman, to his supreme activity. . . . Hence Jesus, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' Every man that lives has to say it again to his wife or mother when he has any work or mission in hand that comes from his soul." Such is the feeling which explains, and perhaps excuses, the revolt of men of action and of artists against the gods of the fireside. Tolstoy fled the house of his family, and his flight becomes a piteous agony because he had waited for this act of useless courage until old age and the approach of death, but in spirit Tolstoy had fled long before. Between his doctrine and the manner of life imposed upon him by the domestic routine the disaccord was irremediable. The painter Gauguin abandons wife and children to live alone in Tahiti and there at last to realize himself. But the flight of Gauguin, like that of Tolstoy, was a sign of weakness. The really strong creative mind will impose upon the lover or the family respect for the creative faculty. No woman reigned in the house of Goethe. Every time a woman seemed to be turning him from his true mission, which was to be Goethe, he changed her into a statue. I mean he put her into a novel or a poem, and forgot her.

When circumstances place upon man the choice between love and work (or duty) woman suffers, even if she understands and submits; she resists if she fails to understand. Arnold Bennett wrote at one time a curious play on this subject. A famous airman, after long difficulties, married a woman he loved. This woman was a marvellous being and, possessed at once of beauty, understanding, charm and wit, she had decided to make the first days of her marriage an enchanting time. The couple are in a mountain hotel, and delightfully happy. But the husband learns that one of his rivals has beaten, or is going to beat, the record that he regarded as his proudest achievement. At once the desire seizes him to measure himself against an equal. The woman talks of her love; he listens in abstraction, his mind fixed upon the engine that needs tuning up. At last, when he ventures to confess his wish to be off she murmurs sorrowfully, "Don't you see that in my career, in my fine job as a woman, these few days are at least as important as your adventure as an airman in your life as a man?" But he does not understand, and doubtless he is right not to understand.

For, if passion gets the better of his mission in life, man ceases to be a man. It is the myth of Samson ; it is that of Hercules at the feet of Omphale. The poets have all sung the slavery of the hero in love. The handsome Paris is a bad warrior ; Carmen corrupts her lover ; Manon leads hers from crime to crime. And the legitimate wife who claims to monopolize the life of a husband is not less dangerous.

It is never a good sign when a man of action is happy only in the society of women. It means that he is afraid of real struggle. Wilson, who tolerated neither contradiction nor resistance, gladly sought refuge among feminine admirers. When he entered into conflict with men he flew up in anger, which is always a sign of weakness. Men who are truly virile love the clash of spirits as the heroes of old loved the clash of swords.

In the life of a happy couple who have found the right balance woman has her role and her hour ; " for the hero is never a hero for twenty-four hours a day. Napoleon or any other hero ought to have been human enough to come home at tea time and put his slippers on and sit under the spell of his wife. For there you are, the woman has her world, her positivity, and it behoves every man in his hour to take off his shoes and relax and give himself up to his woman and her world ".

It is good for man to be among men during the day-time, outside his home ; it is good that evening brings him back into the feminine world. The true woman is not jealous of action ; at times she suffers from it but hides her suffering and encourages the hero. Andromache, when Hector left her, concealed her tears. She knew her business as a wife.

RETURN TO NEW ZEALAND

By Hector Bolitho

ENGLISH boys, born in beautiful houses and growing up with noble pictures and furniture about them, cannot realize the sensations of a colonial in his twenties, coming to England for the first time, from the raw countries of the south.

There are few beautiful houses in New Zealand, and little furniture which is not merely adequate and dull. The landscape is as beautiful as any in the world and its contrasts are exciting. Oranges, peaches and grapes ripen in the valleys of the northern island, while the impish school-boys of the south are making snow men on the slopes of the hills. Some of the farm land is gentle and subdued as Sussex, with stone fences and pools of wild poppies. But there are god-like mountains, nine thousand feet high, with flame and lava in their throats. Trees are abundant; the hills are sweet with broom and honeysuckle, and the wild orchids and ferns make a carpet beneath the silent aisles of the forest. There is so much beauty in New Zealand that famous people and children have little wish to turn from it. This valleys, to seek for æsthetic sensations in architecture, sculpture or craftsmanship in wood.

The people of a new country, with their healthy day-to-day life, have no great need for æsthetic adventures. An art gallery, a literary society and a lending library are enough for these practical citizens, to whom life is a career and marriage a respectable institution. Sometimes, however, there is a changling in the brood; a shy brat is thrown upon the little matter-of-fact world, to grow up wondering why he does not fit into the colonial mosaic.

The education of a colonial boy is usually towards a plough or a ledger. If the changling dares to feel that the solution of his repressions is to be found in reading or in deeper comprehension of form and colour, he must go on his quest alone. His contemporaries find him reading Shelley and Walter Pater and Poe

and Wilde, and he is thought to be crazy. With a wide, new and beautiful country spreading about him ; country made for pranks and escapades, why should any boy sit beneath a magnolia tree in the park and read :—

" Leave thy father, leave thy mother
And thy brother ;
Leave the black tents of thy tribe apart !
Am I not thy father and thy brother,
And thy mother ?
And thou—what needest with thy tribe's black tents
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart ? "

The boy is obviously crazy. He slowly builds up a store of knowledge which is different from that of an English boy. His knowledge is a book of letterpresss, but without illustrations. He reads Dubedat's creed in *The Doctor's Dilemma :*

" I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt ; in the might of design, the mystery of colour, the redemption of all things by Beauty . . ."

But he has no notion of the awful beauty of Michael Angelo's Moses, and he may do no more than guess at the majesty of the two Velasquez heads in Cassel through the dead, black and white reproductions in a text book. The might of design is in the colonial hills and the mystery of colour is in the colonial valleys. But it is not down these avenues of beauty that the boy's redemption lies. He is aching for the phrases of great music and the colour and form in great pictures : his eyes are searching beyond the New Zealand hills. He needs the older hills of England, of which the poets have sung.

The English boy may read *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* with full knowledge of the Wessex country. He may *see* Tess at the fair. His delight in reading is thus intensified. He may languish on the slopes of Fowey and even see the immaculate figure of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch at his Cornish window. Eton boys may walk over to Stoke Poges and see the solemn stones among which Gray walked in his country churchyard. Their leaving prizes, bound in vellum, are less dull when they, too, know the churchyard in which the forefathers of the hamlet sleep. The English boy may sit beside Tennyson and see :—

" Across my garden ! and the thicket stirs,
The fountain pulses high in sunnier jets,
The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,

The starling claps his tiny castanets.
Still round her forehead wheels the woodland dove,
And scatters on her throat the sparks of dew,
The kingscup fills her footprints, and above,
Broaden the glowing isles of vernal blue."

For the colonial youngster, the poets and the painters have lived in a world he may only imagine ; his eyes are dim, and he is confused when he looks out towards the saw mills and the butter factories, trying to imagine the English scene. He cannot know Constable's London from Hampstead Heath, nor Whistler's river mists. He must wait until he crosses the world before he may feel the full force of Dubedat's cry for redemption through beauty. But when he does come, after fifteen years of frustration and hunger, his sensations and delight are something of which the English boy may not even be allowed to dream.

There is a still deeper realization waiting for the colonial boy, when years have passed and when he has become accustomed to the English scene and versed in English ways. The realization comes when he goes back over the old ground ; when he returns to the little country which hangs, like a pendant, to the world. Even if he has believed, like Dubedat; even if he has stood in awe beneath the dim gothic arches of King's Chapel and seen the fountains of Dresden playing on a sunny day ; if he has paused in the market square of Hildesheim, and seen the Atlantic beating against the vast rock buttresses of the Cornish coast, it is in the core of himself that the greatest knowledge and change have come. The irritation and superciliousness, which caused him to dislike the colony in which he was born, have passed away. He has come to the state of being able to love men for what they *are*, instead of despising them for what they lack. His hold upon this seed of knowledge is uncertain at first. But he touches it, dimly, and he feels that he has learned something of which Dubedat never dreamed. Perhaps now he is fit to go home again and to touch the earth he knew as a child.

I had to sail from Colombo, out on to the stretches of the sea between Ceylon and Australia, before I realized that I was going home. Twelve years had tied me to Europe. When I thought of mountains, they were the sweet-smelling pine slopes of Coburg; when I thought of a river, it was of the Thames, carrying the reflection of Oxford's spires upon its breast, down past Windsor

and Richmond, towards the sea. Even when we lunched beside the road below Kandhi, I still felt that I was almost in Europe. Our luncheon was English. We lay back, watching the Cingalese boys meandering down towards the rice-fields, with hibiscus flowers behind their ears. If I lifted my eyes they were turned towards Europe and the new life I had made. I had said to myself, " I am going back to New Zealand ". But my own voice did not sound real to me. I tried again and again to force my memory back and recall the New Zealand bush, the deep hanging boughs of the pohutukawa, sweeping the sea spray on the coast, the training camp of 1916, where the wind moaned and moaned, coming down from the mountains which were sulphur-streaked with clumps of broom. It was not until we were almost on the Australian coast that recollection came back to me, fiercely. The Captain was showing me over the ship. We came to the bosun's locker, and as the door opened a pungent, warm smell came to my nostrils. It was the smell of tar and rope : of windjammers, the smell, after all, of the ship chandler's shop in Auckland. I smelled the dingy shop near to the waterfront, the coils of rope, the folded sail cloth. In any mood as a child, it refreshed me, for it was the smell of ships and of the sea : the smell of escape.

The memories awakened by smells are full of surprises. I can never smell a sprig of " cherry pie " without recalling a New Zealand farm house to which I went for my summer holidays, when I was a little boy. The farm to which I went belonged to an old aunt and uncle. Turkey gobblers shrieked in the orchard and a pet lamb ran among the trees like a mad thing. There was a wattle grove full of silver-jade light, and on the other side of the cow sheds, where the mason bees stored their hoard of succulent spiders for winter feed, there was a grove of pines, dark and silent : a little frightening to a child. I do not think that any agitation had ever come into the long married life of my aunt and my uncle. She worked in her still-room, making cowslip wine and ginger wine and little sponge cakes. My uncle roamed about the farm, observing his fat bullocks and the ostriches in the neighbouring field. In the evening, he would shade his eyes to watch the swans fly across the water to the flower farm on the other side. Their existence was peaceful, and they clung to every

vestige of the English life which they had left behind them in Sussex. While the Australians wilted under the climatic difference between the old country and the new, drawing independence from their vast land, creating their own voices, their own standard of living, the New Zealanders remained English. Their new country was like the one they had come from. They had no drowsy, sub-tropical season or terrific stretches of desert to cause them to forget the subdued earth of England.

Almost every happy memory of my childhood was wrapped up in the little farm. When I was still young enough to believe in ogres and the little people I had hunted among the pear trees and down by the river bank for magic. When magic no longer deceived me, I still went there, drawn by the peace and the gentle resignation of two old people.

Twelve years had worked strange changes upon my farm when I went back there. One Sunday I set out . . . no longer in the shallow river steamer upon which I travelled as a child. I almost flew along the new motor roads, with their garages and their cinema theatres, nearer and nearer to the water's edge. Once or twice I felt that I should turn back. The warning had come to me when I spoke to my aunt on the telephone. There had been no telephone in the sitting-room twelve years before : the sitting-room in which we used to kneel for prayers at night, our heads bowed in the shadows, below the horizon of lamp light. It seemed to be an ill omen when I heard the beloved voice say " Are you there ? "

The pine trees were still standing, and the wattles, grown shabby and older, but still waving gracefully in the faint wind which came up from the beach. My uncle did not look any older. He still wore his white beard and he still carried a wide-brimmed straw hat in his hand. " You'll find the old place changed", he said. " The farming is not the same. Your English friends don't want our butter and our lamb. I suppose they get it from Poland or South America, or somewhere like that."

We ate our meal on the same long table, but I saw the shining outlines of an electric stove in the adjoining room. In my day there had been a big range, fed by coal and fir cones. We used to run in from the field with big mushrooms, to fry them with butter, for our extra, stolen meal. " We have the electricity

now", my aunt told me. " And we have the radio and the gramophone. So we are just as smart as you are in London ". The shabby Turkey carpet in the sitting room had gone. I used to stand on it, when I was about ten years old, to repeat the twenty-third psalm to my uncle.

> " . . . . He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters. . . ."

When luncheon was over I went into the garden. I recalled almost every tree and shrub. They had not changed. Nor the cedars on the slope, the long line of pampas, waving their plumes above the meadow, and the yellow and red Chinese lanterns near to the house. The ink berries still grew, purple and wet, in the orchard, and the walnut tree, a fantastic thing to me as a child, when I was told that a wife, a dog, and a walnut tree all thrived upon a beating.

We went back to the house from the garden, and we sat in the room where I used to drowse in the warm, summer evenings, listening to my uncle reading from the Book of Job. As we sat there, my aunt walked across the room and turned on the radio. A dance tune came across the twelve hundred miles from Sydney. Its gawky phrases shattered the last stronghold of my memory. Perhaps I was wrong to go back and try to make the old ghosts dance again for my delight.

Even with machines, and telephones, and electric light the countryside was beautiful ; more beautiful, I think, than any other land in the world. And in every social enterprise, every little clique and every solid business house, the worship of England was still lively. A single-minded, unquestioning loyalty embellished every occasion. The busy Rotarians ended their luncheon with the Anthem, sung while a Union Jack fluttered at the end of the hall, with the aid of a hidden electric fan. The town hall was full of people one evening, to sing old English songs for two hours. The Governor-General and the Mayor were there and their speeches were of " the old country ". Why this spirit survives is slightly mysterious to me. It is not enough to say that the ties of blood survive distance and isolation, for the Australians have already deserted the shrines to which the New Zealander clings so devoutly. The Australian is arrogant, with a certain brave pride to excuse his arrogance. While the New

Zealander still takes his weekly joke from *Punch*, the Australian has created his own comic paper and his own channels of humour, as different from the English tradition as the American wise-crack or the German " joke with a blush ". Indeed, the Australian humour is an infusion of the two. The Australian has tried to throw away the hundred and one little English hypocrisies with which he might protect himself. He is bawdy and frank ; he is kind to those he likes and gloriously rude to those who fail to please him. He is inclined to despise the Englishman—the " pommy ", so called for an odd reason. I have been told that the Englishman's rosy cheeks suggested the inside of a pomegranate to the bronzed Australian. *Pomegranate* became *pommy*, in a land where time is precious and where even the rejection of two syllables saves a second. The New Zealander has retained his English subtleties and the gracious hypocrisies which we call good manners. But there is one disastrous hypocrisy which is bringing great harm, in both countries. The law demands that all public houses close their doors at six o'clock. I, who have always drawn my views upon alcohol from Omar rather than Lady Astor, was profoundly shocked by the amount of drinking I saw in both Australia and New Zealand. The front doors of the public houses close at six, but there is always a back door by which one descends to a murky cellar. There the young people learn to drink, and what should be a controlled, pleasant social habit, becomes a secret vice. More jokes and comical songs grow out of the question of drinking alcohol than from any other source. It is almost impossible to write or speak seriously upon the subject without sounding like an interfering and sententious bore. But I could not help being depressed when I returned to my country, to find that the authorities and the religious advocates shunned the only honest approach to an old and vexed trouble. Australia and New Zealand are the great tea-drinking countries of the world. It is foolish for people to suppose that there is more harm in a glass of beer than in a cup of tea. It may be extremist to repeat the warning of a doctor to whom I spoke in Auckland. He said that the percentage of insanity in New Zealand is alarmingly high, and that one of the causes was the incessant drinking of strong tea with meat meals ! This need not be the argument against the stringent licensing laws in both

ountries. The only argument is that it is through freedom that eople learn to govern their daily life with temperance and estraint. A land in which the people live near to the earth itself, eople who are diligent, self-respecting, and moderate in most hings, does not need the restrictions of a prison.

The culture of a far-away country is naturally narrowed and elf-conscious. But New Zealand has a fair tradition to inspire vriters and painters. Her early literary associations make a harming chapter in her history. Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, vhich he found in the foothills of Canterbury, brings the " most eautiful grass country in the world " into English literature ; Mary Taylor's letters to Charlotte Brontë, written from the truggling settlement of Wellington, in 1845, brought pictures of he new country into the drab life of the Haworth parsonage. " I lend *Jane Eyre* a good deal ", Mary Taylor (the Rose York n *Shirley*) wrote to her friend. " They tell me it makes them ry." Browning asks the question : "What's become of Waring?" nd we find the answer, also in New Zealand, whither his friend Alfred Domett had gone to write, among other things, the first considerable poem owing its inspiration to the Maori people. Perhaps the most graceful story, linking New Zealand to literary England is found in the record of Charles Armitage Brown, friend and collaborator of Keats, who went to New Plymouth n 1814. The writer of a book on Shakespeare's Sonnets and an opera, which was produced at Drury Lane, must have been surprised when he came to the half-fledged settlement in Taranaki. The pencil portrait of Keats, now in the National Gallery, was among the possessions he carried with him. The diary of his voyage is in the Keats Museum at Hampstead. Charles Meryon stayed in New Zealand for some months in 1840, and some of his etchings in the British Museum and in a case at The Athenæum, show the plumed cabbage tree, peculiar to the New Zealand coast. Froude went to New Zealand and Dumas wrote *Les Baleinière* from the diary of his friend, Dr. Maynard, who skirted the New Zealand coast in a whaling ship. This accumulation of associations gives a pleasant background to contemporary efforts in the new country. The anxious days of colonization and the hardy life of a farming people have not smothered the more tender growths. New Zealand can claim Katherine

Mansfield and Lord Rutherford, and if painting lags behind, it has nevertheless made happy strides in the past twelve years. In landscape especially, the New Zealand painters are breaking away from the Italian tradition which haunted them for so long. They have realized that New Zealand light and colour are not the same as the light and colour of Florence, and that they must find their own way of painting their country, as the Canadians and the Australians have done. The Group of Seven in Montreal and the company of artists encouraged in Sydney by *Art in Australia*, stand upon their own feet. They are vigorous and independent. The exhibition of paintings which I saw in Auckland last May encourages me to feel that New Zealand artists are upon the same healthy road.

The sanity of day to day life in New Zealand is its chief attraction, apart from the little narrownesses of legislation which are irksome when one goes back, accustomed to the freedom of England. But there is a reasonableness in human nature which seems to be stronger than the whims and chicanery of legislators. New Zealand problems are not as fierce as they are in the other Dominions. There is not the wide gulf which we find between the Eastern and Western Canadians, nor the menace of mixed culture which comes with the English influences of Eastern Canada, struggling against the American influences, sweeping north. There is not the bi-lingual muddle of South Africa or the still more frightening muddle of Dutchmen, Englishmen and natives, all trying to assert their individuality. Nor the problems of Australia, which has always talked wildly about The Yellow Peril : which has always been so eager to make experiments in political extremes. New Zealanders have kept the balance which their ancestors took out to the new land. They still try (with less success than of yore) to make the government serve the people and not the people serve the government. Eighty per cent of their children receive secondary school education. A list of statistics tells me that in one year four million pounds was spent on education; this by a people numbering fewer than a million and a half. I was proud, when I went back, to find that there was nobility in the New Zealander's conception of citizenship. The political plums seemed to have fallen into the hands of second-rate men, but this disaster is not peculiar to

New Zealand and, in the universities, I found young men who re as serious as the undergraduates of Cambridge and Oxford n thinking of the future, not from an egocentric point of view, ut with some broad vision of the needs of all mankind.

To return to one's country after the experience of Europe, ith one's life re-made, one's work defined, naturally awakens any sensations too deeply personal to be written. But there as one realization that gave me pleasure and which one may iscuss. I always feel that an unfortunate streak of snobbishness ervades the New Zealander when he becomes wholly Anglicized. He does not wish to be thought of as a colonial, fearing the accusa- ons of provincialism and the stamp of the class which Carlyle so ptly described as " gigmanity ". I was pleased to have both ne reasons for being proud and the sensations of pride, in myself, hen I came to the little country . . . the antipodes . . . the most istant Dominion in the Empire. It is amazing that fourteen housand miles should separate the parent and the child ; that he child should cling to the English tradition. When Mr. Bernard Shaw was in New Zealand, he scolded the people for eferring to England as " Home ". " *This* is your home ", he aid. There may be sentimentality and a hint of obvious atriotism in the New Zealander's fidelity. But there is something leeper. He hears of the pandemonium of Europe. He hears of Dictators and lost thrones and assassinations. But he knows that ome blessed quality in the British people teaches them how to ive sanely, with dignity and respect. It is this quality which nolds them, causing them to go on calling England " Home ", hich is a pleasant and a gracious compliment paid to the parent by the child.

THE CHANGING FACE OF EUROPE

By C. F. Melville

THE assassin's bullet which struck down King Alexander and M. Barthou in Marseilles deflected the course of events which might have vitally affected the grouping of the European Powers. For the final phase had been reached of France's attempt to restore her " system " in Europe, the structure of alliances and groupings for the maintenance of the *status quo* which, during the past year, had been seriously impaired by the growth of Germany's potential power and the corresponding decline of French influence in Eastern and South Eastern Europe. It had been hoped that King Alexander's projected conversations in Paris, to be followed by a journey of M. Barthou to Rome, would have resulted in the new Franco-Italian understanding being cemented by a *rapprochement* between Yugoslavia and Italy : a step designed to lead to a general agreement among the states of the Danubian basin for the purpose of preventing the absorption of Austria by Germany. There is little doubt that had this plan succeeded France would have regained her diplomatic leadership, and Europe would have enjoyed a breathing space from the most immediate threat to peace. As it is, however, the hand of the assassin has brought the plan to naught, at all events for the present, so that once more the European balance swings uneasily.

To get this picture into some kind of focus it is necessary to go back a little and recapitulate the European developments of the past twelve months or so, for by these means it will be possible to appreciate the great changes which have come over the face of Europe during recent months.

The first sign of these changes became apparent when Poland, realizing that the Hitlerist regime in Germany had come to stay, at least for some considerable time, came to terms with Berlin without consulting Paris. This made it clear that Poland, although

till in alliance with France, regarded herself as France's peer, nd no longer as a component part of the French " system ". robably the first rift in the lute was due to Poland's anger at eing left out of the abortive Four-Power Pact by France. But he real turning point was undoubtedly the conclusion of the erman-Polish Ten-Year Pact, which put off the " Corridor " ispute for ten years. The Polish Minister in Berlin, acting on the nstructions of his Government, had called on Herr Hitler with he plain question : " Do you want peace or war ? We are repared to give you either ! " Herr Hitler, after a moment's esitation, replied " Peace ", and the result was the Pact.

The Poles regarded this as a triumph for Polish *Realpolitik*. t cannot be gainsaid that in this they were right. But the signing f the Pact was soon followed by psychological developments hich quickly began to estrange France and Poland. Herr itler had taken the risk of his new Polish policy being unpopular ith German public opinion because he urgently needed another ecade in which to complete German rearmament, and because, n addition, he required tranquillity on his Eastern frontier in rder to be able to achieve his more immediate objective of bsorbing Austria into the Third Reich. The threat to Austria itally affected French interests. But it left Poland indifferent. oland, moreover, whose inferiority complex over what she egarded as France's failure to treat her as a Great Power, now mounted almost to an obsession, set forth upon an " indepen- dent " policy which culminated in her recent challenge to the eague on the minorities issue. This policy, initiated by Colonel eck, the Francophobe Foreign Minister who had succeeded the rancophil M. Zaleski, although not fundamentally pro-German, as at least more in spiritual *rapport* with Berlin than with Paris.

Parallel with this loosening of the ties between Paris and Warsaw as a certain cooling off in the ardour of the friendship which itherto had so closely united Paris and Belgrade. France in her nxiety to prevent Austro-German union agreed, in company ith the British Government, to Italy's having a more or less ree hand in the Danube, counting upon Italian fears of a Great ermany upon the Brenner to spur Italy on to an active defence f Austrian independence. France even gave some consideration o the Italian project for a Habsburg restoration. This inevitably

led to anxiety on the part of the Little Entente in general and Yugoslavia in particular. Yugoslavia, for many years the victim of the Italian ambition to dominate the Danube and the Balkans, not unnaturally objected to the question of Austrian independence being made a specifically Italian preserve. The prospect of Austria becoming another Albania constituted in Yugoslav eyes a potential military threat; for, with her close politico-military relations with Austria and Hungary, Italy would be able to drive a wedge between Yugoslavia and her Little Entente allies; while the plans for a Habsburg restoration revived old fears in a new form.

In the meantime, Germany, seeing in the Italian plans in Austria a barrier to her own ambitions to absorb Austria and create a German-controlled *Mitteleuropa* in the Danubian basin, began a flirtation of expediency with Yugoslavia, concluding with that country generous commercial arrangements, and offering hints of political support.

The rents and tears in the French "system" were therefore already very considerable when M. Barthou took charge at the Quai d'Orsay. A recognized disciple of M. Poincaré, and himself one of the creators of the post-War French "system", M. Barthou set to work to repair the damage done to French prestige in Eastern Europe. He paid official visits to France's Eastern Allies. In Prague he received an assured welcome. In Bucharest protestations of Franco-Rumanian friendship amounted almost to hysteria; showing how successful M. Titulescu had been in out-manœuvring King Carol in matters of foreign policy. In Belgrade his reception was cordial, but not without a suggestion of reserve. In Warsaw it was definitely cold. The Franco-Polish alliance was re-affirmed, but without enthusiasm.

M. Barthou therefore took up in earnest the Russophil policy for which the way had been prepared by M. Herriot. M. Litvinov, fresh from his triumphs in pact-making in the Baltic and the Balkans, and desirous above all of having Russia's back door in the West guarded by a powerful ally while his Government occupied itself with the Japanese menace in the East, eagerly reciprocated. Moscow was ready for an alliance with France. But France, although anxious to bring in Russia to redress the

balance after the defection of Poland, rather feared the too close embrace of the Soviets. Hence the evolution of the Eastern Pact idea. Hence, also, the ease with which M. Barthou allowed himself to be persuaded by Sir John Simon into turning the whole thing into an Eastern Locarno, to include Germany.

The Eastern Locarno (in connection with which the British Government showered its blessings upon the French and the Russians, and the Russians were moved even to praise of the British) was hailed in Paris, London, and Moscow as a great triumph. Official London described it as a step forward towards the realization of the ideal of " equality within a regime of security ", a sort of twin-sister to the ideal of the same name which various British delegations had sponsored at the Geneva Disarmament Conferences. The only trouble with it was the fact, obvious from the outset, that neither Germany nor Poland would have anything to do with it. Germany first, and then Poland, both turned it down.

So far, then, M. Barthou, although he had succeeded in infusing a new vigour into French foreign policy, had not succeeded in repairing anything like the damage which had been done to the French " system ". The entente with Russia and the entry of that country into the League were French successes, but they were the only concrete achievements to set-off against the long list of set-backs to French policy ; and even these successes were qualified by the fact that Russia had more to gain than France from the Franco-Russian friendship. Moreover, the *rapprochement* between Paris and Moscow had the effect of even further estranging the Poles.

Meanwhile M. Barthou had to face fresh anxieties in Central Europe, where the Austro-German dispute had entered upon an acute phase. The Germans essayed a Nazi *putsch* in Vienna which resulted in the assassination of the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Dollfuss, and a civil war between his successor, Herr von Schuschnigg and the Nazi rebels. It was at this juncture that the Franco-British policy of leaving the Austrian question to Signor Mussolini bore dangerous fruit. For the Duce moved 40,000 Italian troops to the Brenner. This dramatic Italian move probably had its effect in warning the Germans off. But it also caused Yugoslavia to let it be known quite clearly that if one Italian

soldier crossed the Brenner into Austria, Yugoslavia, in defence of her own interests, could not remain indifferent. It has been said, and it is true, that Europe was probably nearer to war at that critical moment last July than at any time during the past fifteen years.

There then started a period of exceedingly strained relations between Rome and Belgrade. The fact that a certain community of interests existed between Berlin and Belgrade was exaggerated by Italian propaganda into an alleged Germano-Yugoslav plot, whereby, in return for Yugoslav agreement to the Anschluss, Germany would modify the Austro-Yugoslav frontier (*i.e.*, " Zone B " of the 1919 plebiscite area) in favour of Yugoslavia, and convert Fiume into a German outlet under Yugoslav control. It was also alleged that the Austrian Nazi refugees in Yugoslavia were being trained under Yugoslav official auspices for a new *putsch* in Austria.

As a matter of fact the so-called Germano-Yugoslav plot was nothing more than a sensational re-hash of a wild-cat scheme believed to have been entertained by the late Captain Röhm and his circle. It is to be doubted if the Wilhelmstrasse ever seriously entertained the idea. It is certain that no such proposition was ever entertained by King Alexander or his Foreign Minister, M. Yevtitch. The story of the new Nazi *putsch* being organized on Yugoslav soil similarly turned out to be a canard. The allegations had been worked up in none too scrupulous a fashion by the *Reichspost* in connivance with the Italian propaganda bureau. Herr von Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, on the other hand, adopted a correct attitude towards Yugoslavia, accepted M. Yevtitch's assurances, and instructed his Minister in Belgrade to express the Austrian Government's appreciation of the Yugoslav Government's correct attitude throughout the Austrian civil war. When it thus became apparent that the false accusations against Yugoslavia had originated not in Vienna, but in Rome, the press polemic between Vienna and Belgrade ceased, and Yugoslav indignation was expressed against Italy.

While Italo-Yugoslav relations thus took a turn for the worse, M. Barthou's policy of *rapprochement* with Italy was making considerable headway. Both France and Italy were anxious to compose their differences in order to be able to present a united

front against the German menace on the Danube. It has been seen that France had carried her desire to accommodate Italy even to the extent of causing some alarm to the Little Entente. Similarly Italy, in the interests of Franco-Italian co-operation against German aggression, had agreed to drop not only her policy of acting as go-between and broker between Berlin and Paris, but also her advocacy of treaty revision (at least for the time being). This last so alarmed Italy's Hungarian protégé that Count Bethlen denounced the Italo-French entente as a set-back to Hungarian aspirations, and the Hungarian Government began to turn its eyes away from Rome to Berlin and Warsaw: a fact which was not substantially modified by Signor Mussolini's subsequent telegram of friendship to General Gömbös, the Hungarian Premier.

France and Italy were in fact moving towards a proposal for the extension of the Protocols of Rome from a combination confined to Italy, Austria, and Hungary into a broader arrangement to embrace all Austria's Danubian neighbours, including the States of the Little Entente. But there was still the obstacle of the bad Italo-Yugoslav relations to be overcome. French diplomacy in Belgrade and Rome set to work to overcome it. The French task in Rome was to persuade Signor Mussolini to treat his Adriatic neighbour on equal terms in any general arrangement for the settlement of the Austrian question; and to obtain some kind of assurance that Italy would not continue to promote policies in Central and South Eastern Europe which could be interpreted as being prejudicial to Yugoslav external or internal interests. The French task in Belgrade was to persuade the Yugoslav Government to let bygones be bygones, and to reciprocate any gesture towards more friendly relations which Italy might be induced to make.

These French efforts, which had the moral support of Britain, seemed to have met with a certain amount of success in both capitals, although it would be a mistake to exaggerate the progress made. For it seems—a point of great interest in the light of the tragedy at Marseilles— that one of the most bitter complaints made to the French Minister in Belgrade was that previous attempts had been made on King Alexander's life by Croatian terrorists who had admittedly come from an *émigré* camp in Italy.

It became clear that the benevolent treatment, to say the least of it, given to the Yugoslav revolutionaries, both on Italian soil and on the territory of Italy's friend Hungary, had created a resentment in high places in Belgrade which it would take some time to overcome. It was indeed obvious that a necessary preliminary, from the Yugoslav point of view, to collaboration with Italy, was a cessation of Italian encouragement to elements hostile to Yugoslav unity.

France's efforts to harmonize her new friendship for Italy with her old friendship for the Little Entente were continued at Geneva at the time of the last meeting of the League Council. It was here that the play and inter-play of forces in regard to these efforts was most particularly to be remarked.

After some adroit manœuvring on the part of M. Barthou, in which he had the support of Sir John Simon, Russia was admitted to the League, a French success which compensated somewhat for the Polish action in flinging the minorities bombshell at Geneva. Suddenly something like a diplomatic panic took place in regard to Austria. That country asked for a guarantee of her independence. M. Barthou made great efforts to bring Italy and the Little Entente into line. He suggested various combinations for the safeguarding of Austrian independence, ranging from an Anglo-French-Italian declaration with guarantees (*i.e.*, sanctions) to a Franco-Italian-Little Entente declaration, also with guarantees. The former failed because the British would not take on new Continental commitments. The latter fell through because the Little Entente wanted it to be within the framework of the League, with which proposition Italy did not see eye to eye. At this point the Austrian delegation mysteriously hinted at an alleged conciliatory offer from Berlin. Italy hinted at individual diplomatic action. The French delegation had to find some way to obtain a breathing space. So M. Barthou telephoned London, and London telephoned Sir John Simon, who was then in Scotland.

"Would Britain agree to an Anglo-French-Italian declaration in favour of Austrian independence, with diplomatic guarantees of a consultative nature?"

No, the British Government was very sorry, but it could not agree even to a consultative commitment.

" Well, then, would the British agree to a declaration reaffirming the principle of Austrian independence, without guarantees of any kind ? "

Yes, the British Government would do that. Not that it thought it would do any good. But the British were willing, if this would be any help to France and Italy, to work towards what the British regarded as the practical end, *i.e.*, a collaboration between France, Italy, and Yugoslavia, with a view to a general Danubian arrangement for the future consolidation of Austria's position.

The above paraphrase of the long-distance telephonic diplomacy, which took place last September, explains how the latest declaration on Austrian independence came about, and how it happened that so small and insignificant a rabbit was produced out of the diplomatic hat. But, of far greater importance, it explains also the revolution of the plan, which, but for the assassin's bullet at Marseilles, would have succeeded in rehabilitating France's diplomatic leadership, and probably have resulted in a peaceful and workable solution of the vexed Austrian problem.

For by this time Yugoslavia had become the key to the situation. After a decade devoted to the none too easy task of unifying his own kingdom, King Alexander, ably assisted by his adviser, M. Yevtitch, turned his attention to the work of conciliation and co-operation in the Balkans. Hence the various pacts of amity with Balkan neighbours, including the one-time enemy Turkey. But the most important result was the reconciliation with Bulgaria, a task in which King Alexander's goodwill was warmly reciprocated by King Boris and his Ministers. This brilliant achievement was King Alexander's master-stroke, for it at once provided the keystone to the arch of Balkan peace, and effectively removed the local cause of trouble most likely to be exploited by outside Great Powers.

At the same time, by adopting an independent policy in regard to the Austrian question, adhering to the principle of Austrian independence, but insisting that this was an international question and not the preserve of one Power, King Alexander was able to place his country in a pivotal position. France, Germany, and Italy were obliged to consider Yugoslavia as a factor in the situation.

The interpretation in some quarters that this meant that

Yugoslavia had gone into the German orbit was a wholly superficial reading of the position. Yugoslavia had not thrown over France for Germany. King Alexander's reported last words to M. Yevtitch just before he died in Marseilles: "Keep the friendship with France alive", afford adequate proof of that. But Yugoslavia saw no reason why she should quarrel with Germany, with whom she had excellent trading relations, and with whom she shared the common objection to the Italian ambitions of exclusiveness in regard to Austria. Indeed, the situation in this respect fully bore out the forecast which I made in the FORTNIGHTLY last April, when I suggested that the European trend was towards a drawing together of France and Italy, and the creation of a strong South Slav bloc (through Serbo-Bulgarian reconciliation) which would be strong enough to be friendly with Germany without being penetrated by her.

Yugoslavia was therefore in a position to make terms for her joining in with France and Italy for the purpose of creating a stabilized situation in the Danube, and from what one knows of King Alexander's intentions when he set out on his last journey, although he would have bargained hard, he was prepared to come to an agreement in the general interests of European peace.

This brings me back to the point at which this article begins—the assassination in Marseilles. Because of that tragedy it is impossible at the moment to try to read the future. At the moment all Yugoslavia's neighbours are so stunned by the ghastly event that a hush seems to have descended upon Europe. Fear of consequences, and probably a genuine emotion of shock as well, seem to have restrained the outbursts of recrimination which might have been expected to follow the assassination. Italy in particular seems to have been at pains to maintain a strictly correct attitude. And the authorities in Belgrade appear to have kept their heads and prevented the sorrowing Yugoslav populace from seeking an outlet for its grief by blaming prematurely any neighbouring States.

At the time of writing it would seem that the greater danger has passed. There is no imminence of war. But it cannot be overlooked that if the associations of the assassins should finally be traced—as they may yet be—to Hungary or any other neigh-

bour of Yugoslavia—then the consequence may be internationally dangerous to a high degree.

There are those who think that the tragedy at Marseilles has irretrievably ruined the policy for the promotion of which King Alexander and M. Barthou lost their lives. Included in this view is the belief that external forces hostile to Yugoslav unity will take advantage of King Alexander's death to disrupt the internal unity of Yugoslavia, and that in such an event, Germany may try to divert Italian interest from Austria to a weakened Yugoslavia, and thereby obtain a compromise on the Austrian question favourable to German ambition. If this be true, then the outlook for peace is dark indeed. For any attempt to disrupt Yugoslav unity can but lead to a general conflagration.

On the other hand, there are those who hold the opinion that the tragedy at Marseilles will act as a spur to the taking up again, and the prosecution with even greater vigour, of the policy which that tragedy cut short. The French are credited with the intention of continuing the same line of action. The Italians, too, according to current reports, are ready to resume the effort at the appropriate moment. And there is every reason to believe that the Regency in Belgrade will be anxious that the work of the dead King should live on after him. If this be so, it may well mean that rehabilitation of French influence for which M. Barthou strove, not always wisely, but certainly always brilliantly. But of far greater importance than this is the fact that such a resumption offers the best hope of immediate peace and stabilization in the troubled area of Danubian Europe.

A great responsibility rests upon the shoulders of France. She has made her mistakes. She has had her full measure of failure and disappointment. But she now has a great chance to restore the European equilibrium and to preserve European peace. And this she can do, not so much by trying to restore the French " system " according to the letter, as by restoring the French leadership according to the spirit. In this peace-making task she has the good wishes of Britain.

DEAN INGE'S FAREWELL

By Dr. L. P. Jacks

Editor of the *Hibbert Journal*.

"WE cannot make a religion for others, and we ought not to let others make a religion for us. Our own religion is what life has taught us. If we can clarify this body of experience we shall have done what is best worth doing for ourselves, and we shall have to offer to others the best that was in us to give, however small its value may be".

This arresting and profound remark (quoted from an earlier utterance) serves the double purpose of defining religion as Dean Inge understands it and revealing his motive in the latest of his published works.* It defines religion, and defines it admirably as the clarification of our life-experience taken in its integrity. It reveals the motive of *Vale* as a desire to leave on record, in its essential outlines, the life experience which, when clarified by reflection, has yielded Dean Inge his religion. No broader basis for religion could be found in the life of any man. No definition of it, more nearly universal, could be imagined. No autobiographical memoir could have a higher motive. That in his life-experience which has yielded him his religion is apparently all that Dean Inge would have the world remember of him, for he tells us that he has left strict orders that no memoir of him shall be published after his death—an embarrassing restricton, we imagine, for the editors of the daily press when the unfortunate date arrives.

Of what nature, then, has been the experience of which Dean

* *Vale*, by William Ralph Inge. *Longmans.*

Inge speaks? Essentially it is the experience of one born and bred in the hereditary culture of an English gentleman and leading continuously the life of a student under the obligations of a teacher, now in this form, now in that. And beyond all this, or perhaps beneath it, it is the experience of one who, by his own evidence here recorded, has been singularly happy in his domestic relations, though not without encountering those tragic interruptions of the thing called " happiness " where—as the *Story of Paula* reveals—

" Joy and woe are woven fine, A clothing for the soul divine."

Out of all this there has arisen the religion of Dean Inge—outwardly a student's religion, to be described in terms of Christian Modernism; inwardly a man's religion with intimations of things " too deep for tears " and beyond the reach of words—the religion of a mystic. We have his own word for it that " he himself has never had what are usually called mystical experiences ". An interesting confession from one whose writings have done so much to quicken our interest in these " experiences " and plead so strongly for their evidential value. May it not be, however, that William Ralph Inge belongs to that more convincing type of mystic for whom there is no experience without its mystical element? The volume before us strongly suggests that he does.

In recording his many activities in fields not ostensibly religious, which have been so numerous that some of his admirers have named him " the miscellaneous Dean ", our author shows himself desirous of bringing them all within the ambit of his Christian profession and unifying them on that ground. Whatever he is writing about he never abandons the role of *defensor Fidei*. In dealing with the ethical problems of the time he is rarely content until he has given his solution a Christian orientation and brought it to a point in a saying attributed to Christ. There is a notable instance of this in the advocacy of eugenics—a subject which demands excursions into many regions where Deans (and Bishops) are not as a rule entirely at their ease, but one of Dean Inge's most interesting preoccupations. " It seems to me strange," he says, " that Christians should not be eugenists ". It may be strange; at the same time it is a fact that many persons (the present writer among them) feel themselves better able to deal faithfully with the evils eugenics seek to cure,

and with many other evils, when under no obligation to adjust their findings to the teachings of the Christian Church, to say nothing of the Church of England. At all events they find it a convenience, when confronted with the enemies of God, to be able to say to them, with Thomas Carlyle, "Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you ", without having to ask themselves whether such intentions are Christian or not. They may be, but it seems a waste of time, in these days, to prove them so as long as they are justified by the Fact—the real seat of authority for Deans as for others. Dean Inge has " laid leather " on many backs. For example, when he defined modern democracy as " the organized plunder of minorities ".

And now, with his whip laid aside, he bids us, to our sorrow, a quiet and affectionate adieu. His doing so reminds us of a story told, somewhere, about a prophet who believed he had a vital message for his age, but delayed the publication of it until he could find the perfect form of expression. First he tried a sermon, then a philosophical treatise, then a poem, then a drama, then a novel, burning each in turn on being told by his critical friends that the form was inadequate to the importance of the message. It was not until he was ninety and nearing his latter end that the form he sought was revealed to him. Summoning the critics round his deathbed, he said to them : " My friends, I have found at last a form for my message that will satisfy you all. *Good-bye* ". And he promptly expired.

One could wish that Dean Inge, like the prophet in this story, had waited a few years longer before giving his message its final and perfect form—*Vale*. With the modesty of a guest afraid of overstaying his welcome, he has chosen to say " Good-bye " at a time when we are most unwilling to lose his company, a time when events are preparing in the history of the world on which it is highly important that we hear what he has to say. The men whom we can least afford to lose are those who make the life of the times interesting to those who live in them thoughtfully. There can be no doubt that Dean Inge has had a very high place among these benefactors. Whether we agree with him or not, he has done us all good, and there is nothing in the book he has just published to suggest that his power to do so has come to an end.

Some consolation, perhaps, may be derived by asking: Who is it that here bids us good-bye? Is it the Dean of St. Paul's? Or is it William Ralph Inge? The two are not quite the same. We shall be sorry to lose the former, but desolate if we are to lose the latter as well. Whatever may be the case with the Dean of St. Paul's, it is hard to believe that William Ralph Inge will be content henceforward with the status of a back number. There is no reason why he should be, but many why he should not. After all, it takes two people to say an effective "good-bye", just as (according to Thoreau), it takes two people to speak the truth. For our part we say good-bye with reluctance to the Dean of St. Paul's; but we flatly refuse to take our leave of William Ralph Inge, who, let us hope, is not taking leave of us.

PRELUDE TO FAME

Fantasy on an Ancient Legend

By Weston Martyr

ONE day in the summer of a year which was probably A.D. 1489, the North East Trades in the vicinity of the Fortunate Isles were reinforced by a gale of unusual violence and extent. The wind blew from the East for many days at something approaching Force 9, Beaufort Scale, with even more weight in it than that in the squalls.

The forefront of the gale arrived off Palma out of a clear sky. It caught the island fishing fleet at sea. The boats under the lee of the land escaped. The water close in was smooth and the crews, pulling for their lives against the fierce off-shore wind, managed to row their craft to the beach and safety. But, in the offing, one boat felt the full weight of the wind, and the two men in her, rowing desperately, made no headway against the steep seas.

The men were Portuguese, good sailors and brave. Pedro pulled bow. He was soon exhausted but continued to row with more than his normal strength, because he believed the edge of the world lay just beyond the western horizon and the thought of being blown over it filled him with horror. Antonio pulled stroke, and he was even more exhausted than Pedro. But Antonio rowed harder than Pedro, because he had left his heart behind in Palma with a girl.

Fear and love can make men perform wonders, but it would be a miracle if two men rowed a thirty-foot boat against a forty-five miles per hour wind. Pedro and Antonio rowed for an hour, and at the end of it were four miles further from the land than when they started. When Pedro looked over his shoulder and saw no sign of land, he understood the edge of the

world was very near to leeward, and he let go his oar and prayed. Antonio felt the boat fall off from the wind. He saw Pedro's oar floating away astern, and he knew the end of his world had already come.

The top of a sea came over the weather rail, half filling the boat, and Antonio shouted "Bail!" He shifted his oar to the stern notch and tried to keep the boat head on to the sea. But he could not do it. The wind caught the high bow and swung the boat round, and Antonio let her swing until she rode with her stern to the wind. Then he settled down to steer, with care, straight out to sea before the wind and away from the land and his home and his heart, into the unknown to the westward. There was nothing else he could do.

The boat scudded fast before the gale. She was an open, undecked craft, but she was buoyant, and running dead before the wind she shipped but little water. She contained an oar, a mast of fir, a flaxen sail, two nets for catching flying fish, a dead fire in a box of sand, two small crocks of water, and food for two men for one day.

For many days the gale blew from the East; then moderated, and thereafter the interrupted North East Trade wind set in steady, constant, and strong. The haze of the gale lifted, revealing a blue sky dappled with little white clouds and a blue ocean broken by the sparkling crests of breaking seas. Flying fish, like jewelled darts, skimmed in the hollows of the waves; squall clouds slid from horizon to horizon, trailing their draperies of hissing rain. And day by day the sun rose up in blood and fire, poured down its diamond light upon the sea and sank in a golden glory. And the boat sailed on, driven by the inexorable wind towards that glory and that gold.

One year later the boat came back. She came sailing in at daybreak before a light North Westerly air and grounded on the beach of Porto Santo, Madeira. She contained an oar, a bamboo mast, a flax sail patched with cotton, a torn net mended with coir, half a coconut shell grotesquely carved, three grains of maize wedged between the mast and its step, the wasted bodies of Pedro and Antonio, and a momentous secret.

The woman who found the boat screamed shrilly when she saw what was in it. She had good excuse, for Pedro and

Antonio did not look pretty nor smell nice. Antonio was merely a heap of rags and bones in the boat's bottom ; but Pedro was lying on his back and his face was horrible. His eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, and from his skull-like face a tongue that was black and swollen protruded between his grinning teeth. The woman went on screaming.

Men came running from the nearby house. One swore when he saw the boat's cargo ; one prayed ; and one, crying out in pity, ran back up the beach. Returning with a jar of water, the man ran in to the Master of the house.

" What is this hubbub ? " asked the Master.

"A boat cast up on the beach", his servant answered. " There are two men in her, Master, dying from hunger and thirst."

" Then be careful what you do with the water, fool ! " answered the Master. " Let them drink it all and they will surely die. Moisten their mouths only. Let them drink but a a drop at a time."

The servant ran on and his Master walked after him. He did not hurry. In his forty years of life he had knocked about most of the world (or, rather, most of the world then known to Europeans) and the prospect of seeing two dying men did not excite him. Once, on a voyage to Iceland, he had seen starvation kill most of a ship's crew, and he remembered a long calm on a passage between the Azores and Lisbon when he had nearly died of thirst himself.

When he came in sight of the boat he stopped and surveyed her. He said to himself, " a Portuguese-built boat. A fishing boat from Madeira, blown out to sea. And when they lost sight of the land the poor fools lost their heads. . . . Lost themselves. . . . Will lose their stupid lives, probably. . . . All for lack of a little thought, a little knowledge, a little learning " !

When the Master approached the boat, the group around her stood aside and showed him Pedro and Antonio lying on the sand. Their faces were wet, and the man who had fetched water was trying to pour some into Antonio's mouth from his cupped hand. Antonio coughed.

" You choke him, fool !" said the Master. " Hold up his head. He looks past death already, as does the other ; but the human body is most amazing tough, as *I* know well. Give the wretches

no more than ten drops at a time . . . and they may live."

He turned away from Pedro and Antonio and looked at the boat, which his people had pulled up on the beach. He looked at her with a seaman's eye. He saw her bottom, foul with a growth of barnacles and weed, and it struck him that the weeds were very long and the barnacles very thick. He remembered the sea-growth he had helped to scrape from the bilges of the ship which took him from Bristol to Iceland and back again. In that three months' voyage she had grown a six-inch crop of weed, and barnacles as big as buttons ; but the weeds trailing from this boat's bilge were a foot long and the barnacles studding her worn planking were the biggest the Master had ever seen.

He went up to the boat and looked inside. Her mast was unstepped and laid along her thwarts, and he noticed it was made of a wood he had never seen before. He looked at the bamboo's rings and ridges and thought it curious that the spar should be thus carved, or worn. He tried the surface with his thumbnail. It surprised him to find it was as hard as porcelain, and when he looked closer he found the ridges on the wood were of natural growth.

The people watched their Master climb into the boat. They saw his eyebrows rise when he fingered the white patches in the weather-stained sail. They saw his lips move as he pulled at the heap of net and gazed at the knotting and the fibres of the mended mesh. They heard his exclamation when he picked up the carved half-shell. And they were surprised when their Master turned to them and cried : " Take up those men ! Take them to the house. Treat them tenderly. Bathe them. Clothe them. Give them a little soup ; a little wine. At first a very little. If they have more they will die. Nurse them with kindness. On your heads be it. *They must not die !* "

When he had seen Pedro and Antonio carried into his house the Master returned to the boat. He examined every part of her with great minuteness. When he had done, he sat silent and in deep thought, with the three strange grains of corn held in the palm of his hand.

* * *

The Master tended Pedro and Antonio with care. They lay on couches in his own apartment, where he ministered to them

with his own hands ; watching over them with an unremitting vigilance and an extreme solicitude, amazing to his servants and astounding to this wife. He gave strict orders that no one should enter the room, where for a night and a day and half a night he fought alone to bring back to Pedro and Antonio the power of speech and the faculty of memory.

In the middle of the second night the Master was rewarded by hearing Antonio say " Water ! " in a faint and husky voice. He gave him a spoonful of water, and Antonio said " More. More, for Jesu's sake ! " Antonio opened his mouth and waited to feel again the cool liquid trickling down his throat, but, instead, he found himself swallowing a stream of liquid fire. Antonio gasped and choked. He heard a voice say, " Swallow. It is a cordial. Drink, and it will give you life. Drink, and tell me where you have come from. Speak ! Where have you been ? "

And Antonio answered, " Water ! For the love of God ".

" I will give you water ", said the Master. " A long, cool draught. But first you must tell me where you have come from. *Where have you come from ?* Speak ! "

Antonio groaned. He felt himself lifted and the rim of a cup pressed to his lips. He drained the cup. It was milk. And presently Antonio fell asleep.

When Antonio awoke, he had come out of the Valley of the Shadow. His senses had returned to him. He felt and appreciated the softness of his bed, and its stillness. He heard the blowing of the wind, and he was glad, because he knew it was not the sound of wind in the rigging, but the song of the wind in the trees. He smelt the scent of earth and flowers, and tasted the clean sweetness of orange juice on his tongue. He licked his lips. A voice said, " Drink ! " and Antonio opened his eyes. He saw a strange man beside him with a brimming jar of water in his hands.

Antonio drank greedily, for his thirst was raging. His dried-up body was still one aching thirst. He drank. He wanted to drain the brimming jar, but when he had gulped six mouthfuls the Master drew the jar away. Antonio tried to hold it. He tried to reach out and seize the jar, and it surprised and dismayed him to find he had not strength enough to raise his hands.

Antonio said, " More ! Give me more—for Mercy's sake ! "

" It is for mercy's sake I do not let you drink", replied the Master. " Where have you been ? Tell me, where have you come from ? Answer me well and truly, and you shall drink again. Where have you been ? "

" I have been. . . . I think I have been. . . . It has no name. The land was the end of the world. Give me water, for I die of thirst."

" Tell me all. Tell me everything—and you shall drink. Where lies this land ? "

" In the West. I do not know where. When we were near death we came to a land of many waters, where people fed us and gave us drink."

" What did the people call their land ? St. Brandon ? Antilla ? Speak, man ! The land *must* bear a name."

" The lands had no names. None of those lands. They were not Christian lands and the people were not Christians. They succoured us. When we were hungry they fed us. When we thirsted they gave us drink. Give me water ! "

" Presently. Answer me ! Tell me. Then you shall drink and eat. How did the people look ? "

" They went naked and their skins were brown. They had broad faces, different from Christians. They were generous to us strangers ; but Pedro played with their women and they would have killed us, so we fled. It was the first land we came to, and from it we fled North."

" Where is your home ? Are you not a fisherman from Madeira ? "

" I am Antonio, a fisherman of Palma in the Fortunate Isles. Where is this place ? Is Palma far away ? "

" Palma is near", said the Master. " Fear not, for you have come home. You have come to Porto Santo, an island of Madeira. I think you have come from the unknown ends of the world, and God Himself has guided you safely back—*to me.*"

" Water ! For the love of God, give me water."

" Drink ! It will moisten your lips—perhaps loosen your tongue. Now stop ! No more. But tell me all you have to tell and you shall drink your fill. When did you sail from Palma ? "

" More months ago than I remember. Many months. It is very many months since we were blown away to sea. Where is Pedro? Is Pedro dead?"

" Your mate is here, beside you. But I think he will not be here very long. Forget Pedro. Attend to me. From whence came the wind that blew you to sea?"

" From the East. It blew for many days."

" For how many days?"

" I do not know. For very many. We were as dead men from hunger and thirst when the calm came. The calm and the rain."

" Did you sail always before the wind?"

" We sailed dead before it as long as I could steer. The boat could not face the seas, but she ran before them safely and fast."

" When you could steer her no longer, what did she do?"

" She ran on, under her bare mast. The windage on her high bow kept her from broaching-to. She is a good boat. Where is my boat?"

" She brought you safely here."

Antonio smiled. " Yes; a good boat", he said. " A good boat, and faithful. Her name is Maria. When I can stand again I will sail her home to Palma." Antonio paused. And, presently, the Master, who did not wish to lose one word that fell from the lips of the man whom God had sent him, heard Antonio murmur " Maria!"

" Drink this", said the Master, putting to Antonio's lips a spoonful of wine. " When the gale ended, what then?"

" The rain came. Much rain. It filled the boat's bottom so that we drank where we lay. When we got up and looked about, the wind was gone and the sky was clear. We set out nets and caught flying fish, as many as we could eat."

" And after?"

" Afterwards the wind came out of the East and North. It blew fresh, and always from the East. From North of East, or South of East, but always Easting. We could not sail against it. We tried, for many days, because Pedro was afraid of the place where the sun sank in the sea. I, too, was afraid, but at last I grew weary of beating against the East wind that never ceased.

The *Maria* is a good boat, but no boat could have sailed against that wind and sea. I did not wish to go on sailing backwards and forwards across the same place in the sea until death came. I thought, if we must die, let us sail on to the edge of the world. I thought we should meet death there, but before we died we should see what no man had ever seen. I did not want to die. But I wanted to see. So at last I put the boat before the wind again and sailed West, in spite of Pedro's prayers."

" How did you steer ? You had no compass ? "

" We steered by the wind. We kept it astern. It came out of the sunrise and blew into the sunset."

" Now answer me with care", the Master said. " At midday, when the sun was highest in the sky, where did it stand ? On your right hand, or on your left ? "

" On our left hand, but not over much. It struck down upon our heads, and well I remember it", answered Antonio. " Our sail cast little shadow, and there was no place to shelter from the sun. We were near burnt up alive."

" Can you recognize the stars ? "

" I am a sailor. I know the North star."

" At this time, then, when you were running with the wind, how high did the North star stand in the sky ? "

" It stood on our right hand, as high and no higher than when shining on our beach at Palma."

" And no lower ? Think ! As you sailed on, did not the star sink lower in the sky ? "

" A little, maybe. When we came to the land, the star had sunk a little ; perhaps two fingers' breadths."

" For how many days did you sail before you saw the land ? "

" I do not know. Very many."

" Oh, fool ! " cried the Master. " Think ! Tell me, if you wish to drink again, tell me ! Was it ten days ? Was it a hundred ? Speak ! "

" It was many more than ten, but how many I do not know. While we sailed West my beard grew a hands' breadth and we counted two full moons."

" Ah ! " exclaimed the Master. " Now we get a bearing on the truth ! " He pondered deeply for awhile and then he said, " Man ! You sailed from Palma some little while before last

midsummer's day. You steered a course a little South of West. You sailed for more than sixty days before you saw that land. Now midsummer day is near again. How long did you stay in the new land ? "

" For many days. I wish to drink."

" Presently you shall drink. Where stood the midday sun when you sailed North from that first land ? "

" To the North. We sailed to the North, where there were many islands and the sea was a litter of reefs. We landed on little islands where there were no people. We were afraid of the people, who would have killed us because of Pedro's sins. On the islands we found much fruit. We found sweet oranges. Ah ! Give me an orange to suck ! "

" I will give you oranges, milk, bread, meat, wine, and water", the Master answered. " First, you must tell me everything, then you shall eat and you shall drink."

" Then I will tell all quickly", Antonio answered. " We sailed North until there was no more land, and a very mighty current took us and carried us North-Eastwards out into the sea. The water of that current was bluer than the sky and hot as blood, and much seaweed floated in it. In that place it was always calm, with littler wandering airs, and we drifted beneath great thunder clouds full of lightning and rain. Much rain fell and we bailed it from the boat. We caught many fish and one turtle. Then the wind came. It came out of the West and we set our sail and steered before it for very many days. We . . ."

" Wait ! When first that West wind came, where stood the sun ? To the North or to the Southward ? "

" Well to the South."

" And the North star ? You saw the North star ? "

" I saw it higher in the sky than I had ever seen it. I was afraid. But Pedro laughed, for he had seen the star thus in his youth, when he fished from his father's boat at Lisbon."

" Ah ! " exclaimed the Master. " So Pedro observed that little fact ! It was Pedro, then, who remembered that small thing of so great significance ! Have I chosen the wrong tool ? Have I cherished the fool and neglected the man of wisdom ? "

The Master looked at Pedro. He saw that Pedro was dead. " A pity ! " he said. " There lies the finer tool ; the instrument

of greater precision—broken! He died unshriven. But a priest! A prying priest. . . . I dare not risk it! And his secret will be safe with God—and with me."

"' Water!" said Antonio. " My throat is dried up and I can speak no more. Give me water or I die!"

The Master turned and put his hand on Antonio's shoulders. " You have told me enough", he said. " You have told me what I would know—except for this one thing. Tell me—and be very sure you speak the truth—tell me: have you spoken of this to any man but me?"

" I have told no man", Antonio answered. " No man knows where Pedro and I have come from."

" Where Pedro has gone, no man knows", said the Master. " Where you are going, there shall I go. But I, too, shall go where you have been."

" I do not understand."

" Lie still, in peace. Do not strive to solve my riddle. Forget what I say. A sick man's intellect must not be strained by puzzles. His body needs strengthening with drink and food. Drink this!"

Antonio drank and he ate, and presently he died.

Pedro and Antonio were buried in one hole behind the house on the beach of Porto Santo. They were soon forgotten. For soon afterwards the house was vacated and its servants dispersed, when their Master, one Senor Cristofero Colombo, decided to visit the Courts of Portugal and Spain.

[NOTE.—*The castaways on Columbus's beach at Porto Santo figure repeatedly in books about Columbus. According to one tradition they were Indians, according to another, Portuguese or European seamen. In both traditions the men were dying, had evidently been at sea for a long time, and there were strange objects in the boat. A theory held by many, and certainly by me, is this. We know that Columbus visited Iceland prior to his First Voyage to America, and at that time the Icelanders knew of Eric the Red's voyage from Greenland to Vinland (? Maine). Greenland was then supposed to be a part of Europe, but we feel that a man like Columbus must have been impressed by the Vinland story. After his Iceland voyage he went to live in Porto Santo, Madeira, and is said to have seen the two castaways. The tradition persists that Columbus himself nursed the two men in his own house. They died, in all the stories, very soon, and immediately Columbus sailed for Lisbon and started his agitation for ships to sail West across the Atlantic. In estimating the deductions drawn from this legend we must not forget the morals of the time*—W. M.]

THE MIND AND MOOD OF FRANCE

By W. Horsfall Carter

A CONSTITUTION, someone once said, is the expression of a state of mind. The speaker was probably an Englishman anxious to justify the national dislike for hard and fast precepts which are bound, sooner or later, to be overborne by the stream of life. But, when you come to think of it, it is an axiom of general application. The constitution of the Spanish Republic of 1931, for example, bears eloquent testimony to the state of mind of the great mass of the Spanish people reacting against seven years of dictatorship. To-day, conceivably, it no longer reflects psychological reality. The constitution of the Third Republic in France, similarly, when it was framed, reflected a state of mind that bears not the slightest resemblance to that of the vast majority of Frenchmen to-day.

Constitutional lawyers have, of course, for years pointed out the weaknesses of the fundamental charter of the nation. But then that was their job. The actual practitioners were far too busily engaged in scoring points in the party game, as it was played in France, to worry. And the general public, as is the rule in normal times in any country, thought as little about politics as possible, having been taught that their job is to make money and leave the rest to Providence—or, latterly, the Providence-State.

The crisis-years have changed all that. In France, as to some extent in England, " the people " is waking up and rubbing its eyes in amazement at the discovery that the family mansion of " parliamentarism " has been for years decaying from internal dry-rot. When therefore M. Doumergue announces that renovation work is to be put in hand soon, he is not, as he seems to think, proposing anything that is going to shock the *bourgeois*. The only question is whether the minor structural alterations now being suggested are going to satisfy a tenant whose mind is

set on something very much like a new house, and whose mood is one of rebellion.

What, in fact, does M. Doumergue propose? First of all, that the Prime Minister, or *Président du Conseil*, as he is called, shall be given power, under the constitution, to dissolve the Chamber and appeal to the country. In this way it might be hoped to avoid the continual ministerial crises which hold up the administration of urgent public affairs. Nothing very alarming about this suggested restraint on the irresponsible deputy. It is common ground in France that the main purpose of any revision of the constitution must be to restore the independence of the Executive *vis-à-vis* the Legislature. There have been thirty governments in France since the Armistice; the average duration was five months and twenty-five days.

The second proposal is to withdraw from the deputies their present right of initiating expenditure. The result of this travesty of the function of the control of the national housekeeping, is seen in the fate that attends, as a rule, the French budget, which M. Viviani once compared to "a caravan *en route* along perilous paths, paying tribute at each turn to armed bands". All kinds of expedients have been tried to overcome this obvious defect in French parliamentary practice, but without success. Only when they are thoroughly frightened, as when M. Poincaré took charge of the country's finances in 1926, or M. Doumergue's "National" government did away with all the parliamentary conventions this year, have the deputies been prepared to give up their habit of voting large sums, quite irrespective of the position of the exchequer.

But the deputies have done so because they look upon themselves, first, last, and all the time, as delegates, not representatives. Each of them has been *delegated* by those who elected him, in a small-sized area, the *arrondissement*, and under the system his outlook is necessarily parochial. In practice he may be the servant of certain private or professional interests; he certainly takes his orders from the local party caucus. When he gets to the Chamber or Senate he finds himself bound not only by party ties, but under obligation to join in this or that group mobilized to watch and defend the interests of this or that factor of production, *e.g.* the hundred or so groups for the defence of motoring,

wine, afforestation, railwaymen, etc. What chance has such a man of discussing a question from the point of view of the general interest ?

It has always to be remembered that the 1875 constitution was intended rather as a temporary expedient than as a pattern of government. It bears the mark of mistrust, on the one hand, of those elements of tradition who were still hankering after a monarchy, and, on the other hand, of the working masses who had begun to show their strength in the *Commune*. The executive power was deliberately weakened, to preclude any further napoleonic ventures. Against " the revolt of the masses ",* as pre-figured in the Commune, the Senate was conceived as a force of social conservatism. It was not to have any power of overthrowing ministries, but, by way of compensation, it was to be the arbiter of a dissolution. Article V gives the power to the President " with the approval of the Senate " to appeal to the country. In practice the agreement of President and Senate has never been forthcoming, the Senate becoming, after 1884, part and parcel of the same system of static equilibrium as the deputies and being captured by the (*political*) Left.

The electoral system of Parliamentary democracy in France might really have been devised to prevent any effective government. Remember that the chief preoccupation of the privileged caste, in this case Left-Centre politicians, pluming themselves on being the direct heirs of the immortal principles of the French Revolution, was to resist " reaction " ; the Radical Party's four main maxims were (1) the lay school, (2) separation of Church and State, (3) introduction of the income-tax, and (4) a sneaking fondness for planned economy. To achieve these ends all that aggressive individualism which is the hall-mark of Frenchmen was mobilized, and remarkable feats of party organization were accomplished. It is often said that France is still Radical or Left-Centre in politics, if the country be taken as a whole : hence the need for the present National Government to walk warily in any plans for reform. But the same thing has happened to the Radical party as to the Liberal party in this country. It

* See that contemporary classic, *The Revolt of the Masses*, by Jose Ortega y Gasset.

has, largely, achieved its objectives. And the party machine, the network of committees and delegates that control local life, is now an obstruction to the performance by the State of certain necessary and, indeed, urgent functions.

In the meantime the stream of life has been flowing fast, and, as in every country, has placed in the forefront of people's minds the issues of social reorganization. For years the electoral oligarchies sought to ignore these issues: and so organized labour and other professional bodies were compelled to apply pressure from outside upon parliament, in order to win gradual and grudging concessions. In this way, while the constituencies have remained what M. Briand called them, " stagnant pools ", the deputies have easily become the tools of powerful business or financial interests. Subservience to sectional pressure, and consequent neglect of the *national*, *i.e.* general interest, has been particularly the case with the Radical politicians. Their own programme having been more or less fulfilled, they have readily resorted to every kind of demagogy in order to get the support of the proletarian masses, which are one of the main by-products of the development of modern industry. That is the root cause of the *mystique* which has so long held French progressives in its spell, " no enemy on the left," and which finds its concrete expression in the electoral alliance of the *cartel des gauches*. That this coalition, in practice, has produced very little result in the way of social reform measures experience shows, and it is not due entirely to the doctrinaire character of Socialism as preached by M. Léon Blum, with its chronic refusal to accept ministerial responsibility. M. Alexandre Millerand had to leave the Socialists years ago because he really wanted to get certain measures of social reform through the Chamber. M. Briand made no headway until he emancipated himself from party ties.

It really boils down to this, that the Left in France has for the past two decades exploited popular sentimentalism, without offering any positive, up-to-date programme. And now their last refuge, the *mystique* of peace, centred on M. Briand, but also on M. Herriot, has collapsed under them. It is true, I think, to say that the Left as an effective political force was already hopelessly disintegrated, even before the ingrained corruption of the

*République des Camarades** was brought out into the light of day by the Stavisky and other scandals.

That is not to say, of course, that the Left elements are likely to take lying down the fate which circumstances seem to have in store for them, *i.e.* loss of those positions of power which have so long been theirs. The pressure on M. Albert Sarraut to resign, as a result of the negligence of the Sûreté police demonstrated at Marseilles, will certainly be interpreted as a party manœuvre, and no doubt, on the strength of their position in Parliament, a section of the Radical Party at Nantes will recommend a bid for office on a programme of reconstruction ; the argument being that, while certain deputies may be individually discredited by their association with the Stavisky affair, the allegiance of rank-and-file in the provinces to the traditional Left-Centre line of policy is unshaken, indeed has been reinforced by the unscrupulous campaign of certain representatives of the Right (*e.g.* M. Philippe Henriot) during the " truce ", and by the spectacle of June 30th and its aftermath in Germany.

The results of the cantonal elections on October 7th and 14th would suggest that this is a miscalculation ; for the one party to register an actual set-back was the Radical-Socialist party, and, above all, the distinctive feature, as in by-elections in England, was the aloofness of a considerable percentage of the electorate. The ballot-box has lost its glamour. Contrast this with the real eagerness to listen to and to heed the paternal advice of M. Doumergue, and you have a snapshot of the entirely new situation which militant party men have not yet fully grasped.

Developments in Germany have indeed shocked and disgusted all Frenchmen without distinction of party, and have finally scotched any danger there may have been of Fascism. Anti-Fascism in France, even more perhaps than in England, is so much tilting at windmills. But what does exist, particularly now when the professional classes are beginning to feel the pinch of unemployment, is a deep-rooted revolt against plutocracy ; against the " fraud " of democracy, as represented in party politics, which allows, in practice, the country to be ruled by a small but powerful business oligarchy, of which the *Comité des Forges*,

* *La République des Camarades,* Robert de Jouvenel, 1914 ; new edition with preface by Paul Morand. 1934. *Grasset.*

the more important banks and insurance companies, are the spearheads. In France—and not only in France—it is the middle class which makes revolutions, when at last convinced that its interests are identical with the workers'. Because the whole strength of an awakened middle class, backed by organized labour, will be needed to effect the necessary reform of the State by constitutional methods, and not mob-violence, the achievement of the Socialist-Communist united front, which is fated to drive a wedge between the middle-class " revolutionaries " and the workers, is an alarming and distressing factor. Doctrinaire leaders, as in Spain, are allowing themselves to be swayed by their distrust of certain individual reactionaries in the present government, such as M. Tardieu, and to proceed along the anti-Fascist *cul de sac*, striking an attitude of opposition which for all practical purposes counts them out in the era of national regeneration now beginning.

For, make no mistake about it, far-reaching changes in the whole structure of French political and economic life are going to be carried out within the next year or so. The February riots disclosed, they did not in any sense create, a general *malaise*, a profound discontent with the established order, so impervious to change. A normally elected parliament, with a pronounced Left-wing majority, had to bow before the storm, and none of the forces of renewal having *at that time* any positive alternative in readiness, it was natural enough that *le capitaine des pompiers*, M. Doumergue with his " national " fire-brigade, should be called in to conduct salvage-operations. These were successfully concluded with the economy cuts, the balancing of the budget, the reform and simplification of the fiscal system, and, last, but by no means least, the sending away of the deputies for a long vacation, during which, as the Prime Minister frankly admitted, it would be much more possible to get on with the serious business of governing and adjusting political and economic institutions to the needs of a new age.

The political situation in France, as seen from the Chamber—as conceived by various party paladins—is faithfully enough reflected by our newspapers. But the one dominant feature which strikes the visitor to France to-day is that *extra-parliamentary* forces, not the deputies and their faithful constitutents,

are setting the stage for the next act. Members of parliament as a class have never been so unpopular, so discredited in the public mind. So much so that increasing support is being given to the idea of substituting for the statutory National Assembly at Versailles a Constituent Assembly empowered to draft a corpus of constitutional changes much more far-reaching than any suggested by M. Doumergue. And this constituent assembly would be composed of persons outside parliamentary life altogether, present and former deputies and senators being *ipso facto* ineligible. It would sit for a period of six months, and its conclusions would eventually be submitted to the country in the form of a national referendum. The party machines would fight tooth-and-nail against introduction of the referendum, but some such bold recourse to direct democracy may well prove the Republic's way of escape from death through inanition. The existing Chamber and Senate would continue to function—assuming, of course, that the Radicals under the direction of M. Herriot can be induced to renounce their electoral ties on the left and give substantial, though not uncritical, backing to the new budget estimates introduced by M. Germain-Martin.

This notion of a constituent assembly, which could give representation directly to the various organized economic interests that have hitherto achieved results by backstairs intrigue, was first adumbrated by M. Anatole de Monzie. It has been taken up by the Neo-Socialist group, headed by M. Adrien Marquet, at present Minister of Labour, and M. Marcel Déat, who at their party congress in July definitely committed themselves to this demand, after the recess, for a constituent assembly of three hundred to three hundred and fifty persons, " to assemble democratic forces around a programme of immediate action for reform of the State, and organization of the economic system of the country ".

After the tragic farce played by military experts at Geneva sent to effect disarmament, that is, the abolition of themselves and their functions, it is intelligible enough that Frenchmen outside the quagmire of party politics should foresee considerable difficulty in obtaining the necessary reforms through the very persons who benefit by the existing anarchy. The effective phrase in the Neo-Socialist declaration is that referring to " immediate

action ". For no impartial observer of French affairs can deny that as time goes on the gulf between Parliament and *le pays* is continually widening.

The life-blood of the country is indeed represented by certain purely economic organizations, such as the General Confederation of Labour, which has had a long and proud record of political neutrality (now alas ! marred by acceptance of the principle of fusion with the Communist trade union organization), by sundry patriotic societies and leagues, of which the *Croix de Feu*, both in personnel and leadership and general objectives, is far and away more important than the others ; by that effervescent and daily more vocal section of French opinion that claims to speak in the name of Youth; and finally by the ex-Service men's organizations which are entering the political arena this autumn with a programme of national regeneration to which, in effect, there is general agreement among the politically-minded prepared to take the places of the " old gang " of politicians.

Anyone living in France to-day must be struck by the growth of groups and societies whose main function seems to be to protest in the name of youth against French gerontocracy, or government by old men. This is a common enough phenomenon in other countries these days. But in France the idea of young men and women organizing themselves to participate directly in the administration of public affairs is novel and startling. In Paris, at the end of June, a so-called States-General of Youth, brought together young men representing every shade of political thought, and established that among them the customary labels of " right " and " left " have no meaning; that, consequently, the battle-cry of Fascism *versus* Socialism was really agitation-material having no basis in reality. The congress also showed that all the thinking youth (*i.e.* under thirty-four) is anti-capitalist, by which is meant opposition to the effects of liberal economics, and especially concentration of financial and industrial power in a feudal oligarchy which indeed, through its stranglehold on the press as on the deputies, has for so long made what is called public opinion. Out of 45,000 joint-stock companies, 1,000 have all the power, and 218 persons in all hold the directorships. This anti-capitalism does not connote antagonism to property. It is indeed a recognition, such as we have recently had explicitly

from Signor Mussolini that " in face of the irrevocable decline of the capitalist civilization, there are only two solutions—the Communist and the Corporative ". Although the word " corporativism " itself is not very much in favour, there is a surprising community of sentiment among the younger people in favour of Signor Mussolini's achievements of political and economic reconstruction in Italy. It is not suggested that all the machinery of parliamentarism should be thrown on the scrap-heap ; it *is*, on every side, suggested that the present State is not capable of resisting marauding private interests, and that before any readjustments of substance can be undertaken, it must be made so capable.

The project of a Corporative State is by no means a monopoly of the younger generation of the Right. The C.G.T. (the opposite number of our T.U.C.) and Socialist leaders like M. Paul-Boncour have long been pressing for some kind of statutory guild representation. The Neo-Socialists, too, are out for a strong State, one, as M. Marcel Déat remarked to me, capable of directing instead of merely salvaging individual enterprise (" *capable de diriger, et non pas seulement renflouer, l'économie* "). The problem for Socialists to-day, said M. Déat, is no longer—at least in the immediate future—one of a better or fairer distribution of the cake, but of making a new cake, in other words, proceeding with structural reforms in the economic and financial sphere.

The *Anciens Combattants* have now a pivotal position in French politics. I do not propose to examine here the programme of renovation on which they take their stand. Suffice it to say that it includes most of those suggestions for strengthening the executive which were first demanded by M. Tardieu in *L'Heure de la Décision*, and have now obviously been adopted by M. Doumergue ; but it includes, too, an emphatic demand that professional and economic interests shall be catered for by a proper assembly or assemblies. " We shall call that State effective ", writes M. Henri Pichot, the live wire who is the president of the Union Fédérale des Anciens Combattants, grouping about a million, " which is strong enough to emancipate itself from the grip of high finance, big business, etc."

Failing an adequate governmental plan for reform of the con-

stitution and the economic structure of the country, the spokesmen of the Confédération at a congress last July announced their intention of coming out, with a specific programme on their own, at the head of the " social coalition " of extra-parliamentary forces. Whether, in fact, they will take action in the next month or so, the *Anciens Combattants* certainly represent a solid phalanx of moderate opinion around which the demand for new men and new measures is crystallizing. The differences of opinion within the ranks of *Anciens Combattants* are questions of tactics and not of substance. They have in the *Croix de Feu* and its leader, Colonel de la Rocque, the material for the necessary patriotic, and at the same time " socialist" appeal. And they constitute a very valuable bridge—indeed the essential link—between the present regime and the too consciously revolutionary youth of France.

To confine the reform of the state to a curtailment of parliamentary prerogatives, or a strengthening of the executive power, would thus be a fatal mistake. It is economic and social change which *les vivants** want, not just tinkering with pieces of constitutional machinery. There is hope indeed that the change-over can be effected without any revolutionary outbreaks. The bloodshed of February 6th last, with its casualty roll of twenty-five dead and a thousand injured, should close the account of violence. If all goes well, France, with her astonishing democratic strength, may well have found a new recipe for " revolution ". Sir Oswald Mosley discovered and announced some years ago that the real cleavage in British political life after the war was not one of party but of generation. So with France to-day, where you have organized *cadres* ready to establish a new regime, not in the name of any party nor any class, still less through any military clique, but in the name of a classless cross-section of the community. The Revolution of Order is to be the work of that generation which grew up through the tribulations of the War to be a living protest against the continuance of public affairs in the old grooves. That process, which has to follow and complete the family doctor ministrations of Papa Doumergue, is now plainly visible.

* The manifold organizations of ex-service men rallied together in a States-General of Shattered France on Armistice Day, 1927, and M. Henry de Jouvenel founded the *Revue des Vivants* to provide them with a mouthpiece.

LONDON CHANGE

By H. Pearl Adam

PAINTERS draw back from a canvas and look at it through a mirror to see whether it is true to intention. Those who live long abroad feel when they come home that some similar alteration of focus has taken place in them. Twenty years out of England bring the Londoner home in just such a state of mind. But there is this difference, that the returned traveller sees through the mirror changes of fact as well as of focus. Indeed, there are so many changes that he hardly knows whether his perceptions are more affected by what is altered or by what remains the same.

Chesterton once set two of his characters considering whether it was not more wonderful that on the Underground the station after Sloane Square was always Victoria than it would be if, one strange day, it wasn't. It sometimes seems in looking at the London of today, and comparing it with the London of twenty years ago, that the next station will be Colney Hatch, or Kensal Green, or a kind of mixture of Sloane Square, Victoria, and a dozen others. The Inner Circle is still running, but the ground it covers is no longer the same.

The first sight of Park Lane after they had built the Grosvenor House cliff caused a sensation of dismay verging on religious terror. Was this small flattened garden, with its shrub-like trees, Hyde Park? Was this yellow pancake Londonderry House? Were these rapidly-running ants the towering double-decker motorbuses whose own introduction into London life had caused such a stir, and a feeling approaching to alarm?

Above all, had not houses, those beneficent shelters to our weakness, those cosy wraps to our happiness and kindly shields to our sorrow, had they not run megalomaniac? Here was a fact overpowering as an Alp, but not formed by any astounding convulsion of nature, merely built by men, brick by brick, brick

y brick, brick by brick; deliberately, patiently, and industriusly produced. It was not the rectangular block which New York has contributed to the metropolitan existences of the world, for it had conformed to the shape of the ground on which it was built; but there its humanity ended. With a thousand eyes it gazed coldly out over the Park it hadn't time to swallow. It seemed ready to step forward and mow down Jack and his Beanstalk, overshadow Wendy and her tree-tops. It was too menacing, too grim, too smug, to be compared to Alice when she looked down on the trees and cried: "Curiouser and curiouser". Indeed, no one could look at it and think of Alice at all.

Old Grosvenor House was not very prepossessing, though slightly more comely than the very ugly Devonshire House. But it had that kind of deliberate lack of attractiveness which seems to have been sought for by English architecture at a certain period. People built houses like prisons, containing ballrooms more ornamental than the seventh heaven. Those houses had gardens, however, and in those gardens were trees which it had taken more than one century to produce, and which no future century can reproduce.

A few years ago there was a great outcry about new Regent Street, but Park Lane seems to have been allowed to metamorphose itself with hardly a protest, and hardly a wreath of farewell. In its usual haphazard way London has managed to kick Regent Street into shape, if not beauty. The notion of uniformity seems to be quite outside the idea of the Londoner. He goes to Paris and admires it very much, but if anybody suggested to him to Haussmannize London he would probably resent the proposition with native energy. He is, indeed, like Amelia Sedley's Captain Dobbin, rather slow, not outstandingly intelligent, very faithful, and very, very loth to change where his affections are given. Hence he is the despair of architects and town-planners, and the London which clothes him is like the woman whose homely face only shows its quiet beauties as you get to know her and love her, rather than the handsome hussy or ravishing beauty who commands passion at sight.

The eighteenth and early nineteenth century squares of London will soon be dependent only on their trees for their

special character. In Golden Square there are not more than three houses in which Ralph Nickleby could have lived. The south side of Berkeley Square is unrecognizable. Portman Square is one-third occupied by coldly handsome blocks of flats. The finger of change has touched Grosvenor Square, where one of the "eligible mansions" has given way to a group block of flats which has a distinct interest. For one thing, it is in the William and Mary style, considerably more decorative than the Georgian house it replaces; for another, the builders are so penetrated with the idea of the daring they have shown in laying hands on Grosvenor Square itself, that they have repelled all possibility of an accusation of vandalism by a board stating that:

> Desirous of retaining the old traditions of Grosvenor Square, the owners of the building are willing to discuss tenancies at moderate rentals with persons of distinction and of approved status.

Surely the edifice must be called Kellynch Hall?

At any rate, each flat is intended for full occupation. They are not of the enormous brood of service flats which have sprung up all over London since the war, If there is one tradition stronger than another in English life it is that of hospitality, and of family life centring round what used to be called "the mahogany". The service flats hardly hold with that tradition at all. They are due partly to the numbers of women who work and have little time for housekeeping, but also a great deal to laziness on the part of women wealthy enough to take this short cut through the Gordian knot of servant trouble. An English home without its individual kitchen strikes the returned wanderer as very strange. A natural correlative is the appearance all over London of great numbers of restaurants and the light-luncheon-tea-shop. Not even the prevalence of shops devoted to ready-made wearing apparel is more noticeable than the increasing proportion of service flats, and the accommodation for people who apparently mean more and more to eat meals prepared for them, either at home or abroad, by communal kitchens.

Not yet has commerce laid its hands upon Grosvenor Square but the returned Londoner sees with a thrill, partly of horror partly of interest, and possibly, if doubtfully, of approval, that there is a flower-shop in Park Lane, to be followed at once by a tobacconist's, and actually a butter-and-eggs shop in Berkeley

Square. In one respect, of course, the needs of the vile body have long been catered for in Berkeley Square, in the cake-shop ; quite at the corner, almost out of the Square, it is true. But there is a respectably historical atmosphere about cake, what is known in France as *du plus pur dix-huitième*. It is associated with routs, with powder, with Bohea. It is a different matter to find butter and eggs well ensconced in face of the magnificent planes. Never mind—the haunted house still stands.

Naturally the war memorials are all new to the child of London who has not been able to come home for a long time, and even one who has been able to pay visits home only realizes after some period of months as a Londoner again, a repatriated Londoner, the special look they give to the town. One thing can be said of all of them—they are lacking in trimmings and fal-lals, and what one might call the frillier kind of heroism. There are on the Continent war memorials in which claptrap is carried to such a degree that it becomes almost awesome to the spectator. We run to masses of stone, and quiet bronze figures, for which we should be grateful. If in little country villages we are apt to be too fond of the obelisk, at least the motorist back from the Continent will be glad to be spared heroic symbolic figures of Patriotism receiving the souls of her dying children, of the country solacing her widows, of the soldier dying in agony alone on the battlefield, with his eyes fixed on a flag or an emblematic animal. We are not free of symbolism, of course, but we fear it ; with some reason, as can be seen by those who pause before the heavy bronze monument to that loveliest and most delicate-looking of ladies, Queen Alexandra.

One cannot help wondering what Lord Macaulay would have imagined his New Zealander would think today. He would probably not stand on London Bridge, he could not stand on Waterloo Bridge, but he might stand on Lambeth Bridge. Macaulay would surely be too busy arranging his own sensations, if he saw London from that new point of vantage, to stop and consider what effect it might have on any Antipodean. Not only is London seen for the first time from this particular angle, but it is a totally new London which is thus seen. The great white masses of new office-buildings, although they are so much

taller than the old buildings around them, manage to give an overpowering sense of horizontality. It is curious, interesting, and far from uncomely. Their dazzling whiteness can, of course, be left to the climate for any necessary softening.

There is a fine view, but it suggests a danger, in the comparative dwarfing of St. Paul's. It is probably not beyond the powers of modern engineers to put the Cathedral on a kind of jack-arrangement, and screw it up and up as the surrounding buildings get higher and higher. One only wonders if they are capable of performing a similar operation on human opinion. Possibly; but are they not by any chance afraid of the ghost of Wren? There is in Antwerp an hotel thirteen storeys high, and from the top of it, so long ago as 1930, the exquisite slender spire of the Cathedral was seen to have lost its pre-eminence, to have lost its meaning, to have lost nearly every suggestion of other-worldliness, owing to the growth near it on the river-front of enormous blocks such as we have ourselves on our Embankment today.

However, St. Paul's can hold its own for some time yet, and probably all Londoners would put up with the present menace, so long as it went no further, if they could change it for an assurance that something as dignified as the Shell-Mex building would be arranged along the southern bank of the river. London is an unself-conscious city (and therein lies a good deal of her attraction), but even a virtue can be carried too far; the south bank between Battersea Bridge and London Bridge is sufficient proof.

A strange thing in London is her railway stations. The big ones are everything but comfortable and anything but beautiful; large, noisy, draughty sheds. The average big terminus is almost as much like a passage from Dante as ever it was, which is saying a good deal. But after all London's termini are palaces compared with some others to be found in these islands. (If there are more forbidding places on this earth than the stations of Crewe, Rugby, Bradford and Manchester, and many other places of the kind in England, it is to be hoped that the Travel Association will not mention them to incoming visitors!) Paris is so convinced of the importance of first impressions that, though she has closed down her Grande

Ceinture railway, she has kept open one small section of it on the western side of the metropolis, because of the little station just outside the Porte Dauphine. When distinguished guests come to the capital they are brought round from the main line to this little station, because thence the way into the centre of Paris lies up the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne (now the Avenue Foch) and down the Champs Elysées.

London has no such gay little station to act as it were as lady-in-waiting to her big ones.

But her small stations are almost delightful in their rusticity. They have not altered, they seem to glory in being behind the times. One might almost say between the times, for they do not seem to belong to any particular age. Most of them have been painted in a curious tone of chocolate, which is very difficult to define. The British Colour Council has recently published an enthralling dictionary and chart of standard colours. The tint of our rustico-metropolitan railway stations finds no place on that chart. It seems to have a sickly grey in it, and a rather raw kind of red also. These places scorn to follow the example of the omnibus company and truckle to the increasing softness of our race by excluding the climate. Not even in the open air can one get more thoroughly wet or chilled than on the platforms of these curious spots. It is to be noted that they are nearly always raised very high, enabling all the winds of heaven to roam at their pleasure along the platform, carrying the rainfall with them.

If one woke up in Waterloo Junction one might imagine oneself in some far-flung corner of the Empire. People hurry up from the depths on to the platform only just in time for their train, which is not to be wondered at; between trains the place is a desert, haunted by the sad thoughts of those who have just missed their train, and the terrible anxieties of those who are hurrying to catch one. But apart from its native ugliness, its utter lack of, or attempt at, decoration, the principal thing about this, after all, very important junction, is its look of being anything but metropolitan.

In some other cases this has been carried to the point of actual provincialism. The embankment of the railways has caused these stations to be placed high, and one can in some cases suppose

that the local inhabitants, especially in low-lying populous districts, might go up on to the railway station for a breath of air and a glimpse at a further horizon than is allowed to them by their narrow street. Moreover, between trains there is quietude, a lack of hurry, a lack of crowds, even a lack of noise. The thunder of the traffic comes up deadened by the distance provided by those terrible staircases, and on a summer evening one can pass worse moments than on these elevated boardwalks. Some have strips of garden ; nearly all command a view of sunset.

London traffic has to its own account a literature which would fill a small Bodleian. Decidedly the returned Londoner feels inclined to add to this literature. Except on one or two of the lines of omnibuses (and it is to be noted that these one or two are the least attractive lines) he will not be able to see his city from the top of his omnibus. At least, not in the sense in which he used to do so. Closed in by glass, in obedience to the social movement which has rid most of our population of most of its underclothing and rendered it all the more susceptible to weather, these vehicles have the disadvantage that they have to be lighted at night on the upper floor, apparently to allow their customers to read all the sooner that there is little hope for England now, that " England has collapsed "—on the cricket-pitch—that there has been a horrible murder in the East End (or more likely in the West End), or some such item as that Tigers, or Rovers, or Pirates have smashed Arsenal or been conquered by it. These covered omnibuses are a real trial to the returned Londoner, who used to ride like a Roman Emperor through his city, raised above the turmoil, able to see everything, and making no more of the climate's asperities than could be met with by the waterproof apron kindly provided by the omnibus company and an umbrella kindly carried by himself. In those days one did not have to consider whether one was sitting on the forward or the backward seats before one decided to smoke, and engaged couples were able to enjoy a semi-privacy which, without flouting Mrs. Grundy, kept her in her place.

At Piccadilly Circus one does not really mind being bereft of the view at night. Indeed, in spite of the tall lamps installed a couple of years ago, and said to produce an effect of daylight, it is almost impossible to see Piccadilly Circus ; one can only

see the announcement that somebody's port and so-and-so's beer should be acquired by us on our next shopping expedition, or our next pub-crawl, as the case may be. Oxford Street has also fallen a victim to neon. The only thing one can do is to put on smoked glasses; and then indeed, looking round, one might perhaps imagine oneself in Aladdin's orchard, on the trees of which hung jewels instead of fruit.

The recent provision of five-barred gates, which the pedestrian can leap between pavement and island, is a measure of the complication which has overtaken the traffic. It is said that ants are too small to see the foot which treads on them, or to conceive of the being owning the foot. The London pedestrian is now caught between extremes. He can be run over, and even killed, by a car so small that he never saw it coming, or crushed by a coach so large that he thought it was the house at the corner. In his last conscious moments he may be able to register surprise that only about twenty-five heads appeared at the windows of Leviathan, whilst three or four quite long, thin young people emerged from the small car on which he nearly trod, before it killed him.

If the change and the lack of change in London are equally surprising the same thing may be said of manners and of customs. It used to be said by the English Colony in Paris that many of them had not cared to come and live at home because of the social restrictions. That one was so much freer in Paris. That one could go out dressed as one liked, and nobody would take any notice, but that in London this was impossible. This is no longer the case. People nowadays do pretty much as they like, and if they do not actually wear sun-bathing costumes in Grosvenor Square, neither do they wear the uniform of city life on penalty of losing their job. In the heart of the residential West End one can see on any summer evening young couples promenading, the boys in light flannels, open-necked shirts and no hat, and the girls in summer frocks, often with no hat, sometimes with no stockings. It is difficult not to like seeing them, they seem so unself-conscious, and they are certainly good to look at. They give an almost homely air to a town street at the end of its exhausting day of traffic.

There has been a great loosening up of formal tradition. In

began after the war ; then the crisis came, when we all got poor together, and did not mind saying so. That had a very genial effect on our customs. It made the formal dinner-party a rarity, and a picnic-supper a commonplace. The dinner-gong was heard at all sorts of unusual hours, until it finally died away and is hardly heard at all. People come to meals without it, because there is no one to beat it. The result has been a rather happy one. Not only is the picnic-supper greatly enjoyed by the people who used to be formal, but, on the other hand, the formal dinner-party is greatly enjoyed by people who always hated formality. It ranks among entertainments as generals or admirals rank among ordinary folk. It is a change from the hasty acceptance of a telephoned invitation for the same evening. It brings back into the fold for a few hours the generation which has rather gone native, and restores it to the world of elders who dress for dinner as punctiliously in Eaton Terrace or at the Grange as if their houses were lonely camps in the jungle ; and indeed sometimes they seem so to their owners.

How else could it seem to them ? Butlers have become char-women in the home and a joke on the screen ; grand-daughters of impeccable morals behave as though they had none at all—and no stockings either. Blocks of flats arise where mansions stood, and house-agents advertise in the newspapers as the possessors of " still a few " of them ; from the windows of those already let float broadcasted the seasick glissades of the crooners, who never attack a note direct ; not to have the telephone is unthinkable ; every new building is in white layers, like a bride-cake without the decoration ; cigarettes turn to dust and ashes everywhere ; voices are loud, doors are slammed, and through the streets flows a traffic of vehicles and people which would have seemed, in a prophetic dream twenty years ago, positively Wellsian in its unlikelihood.

Yet the London to which one returns today is a friendlier place than the London of twenty years ago. More of its life is lived outside its solid brick walls and is visible to the eye, even to the stranger and the foreigner. It is less enclosed, and therefore less formidable. If it has lost some of its decorous, unexcited calm, it has gained a vivacity which has nothing hostile nor heartless in it.

DICKENS AND *THE MORNING CHRONICLE*

Some Hitherto Unpublished Letters

By Walter Dexter

Editor of *The Dickensian*

SINCE Forster wrote his monumental Life of Dickens many additions have been made to our knowledge of the early days of the great writer. Forster did not know Dickens before *Pickwick* had made his name a household word, and in writing the life of his friend he had to rely on others for much of the information of the obscure days of Dickens's apprenticeship to the calling of novelist.

Forster confused *The True Sun* with *The Morning Chronicle* when referring to a strike of reporters, as the letters to Thomas Beard * show, and apart from the letter to Hogarth, printed in the *Letters of Charles Dickens*, 1882, in which he asked for increased salary for writing *Sketches by Boz*, we have little knowledge of Dickens's actual dealings with the proprietor of the paper in which the Sketches first saw light.

Dickens joined the staff of *The Morning Chronicle* just one hundred years ago. His own account of his association with the paper is contained in a letter to Wilkie Collins in 1856. "When *The Morning Chronicle* was purchased by Sir John Easthope and acquired a large circulation", he wrote, "I was engaged there, and I remained there until I had begun to publish *Pickwick*, when I found myself in a condition to relinquish that part of my labours. I left the reputation behind me of being the best and most rapid reporter ever known; and I could do anything in that way under any sort of circumstances, and often did. (I daresay I am at this present writing the best

* Dickens to his Oldest Friend. *Putnams.* 1932.

shorthand writer in the world.) My faculty for descriptive writing was seized upon the moment I joined *The Morning Chronicle*, and I was liberally paid there and handsomely acknowledged."

He had said pretty much the same of himself eighteen years previously in writing to a Dr. Kuenzel, who was preparing a biography of him for the German public. He refers to " . . . *the Morning Chronicle*, where I remained until the four or five first numbers of *Pickwick Papers* had appeared, and in the columns of which journal most of my shorter sketches were originally published. Some few appeared in the old *Monthly Magazine*. I may tell you that I was considered very remarkable at the *Chronicle*, for an extraordinary facility in writing and so forth—that I was very liberally paid during my whole connection with the paper, and that when I quitted it, *Pickwick* was rapidly approaching the zenith of its fame and popularity."

Now there are some statements in these letters which do not quite tally with the facts. There are other letters of Dickens which put a somewhat different construction on this period of his life. These are either unpublished, or have been published in such obscure places and at such odd times as to have escaped the notice of his later biographers. It is with these letters that I shall presently deal.

The references in these letters to liberal payment, and handsome acknowledgment, strike one as odd in view of subsequent letters which I shall quote. Meanwhile, let us look at his financial position. His salary was five guineas a week at first; this was increased by two guineas the following January in consideration of his special contributions, " Sketches of London." He had already commenced writing stories under the signature of Boz, in the *Monthly Magazine*, before joining *The Morning Chronicle*. For these he did not receive any payment.

Dickens's value as a descriptive writer was not long in being recognized by the *Chronicle*. Charles Mackay tells us that during the time when Parliament was not in session it was part of his (Mackay's) duty to confer with Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Black upon how best to utilize the services of the parliamentary reporters in the general work of the paper—such as attendance at public meetings, reviews of books, or notices of new plays.

"' Mr. Black desired to spare Mr. Dickens as much as possible from all work of this kind ", says Mackay, having the highest opinion of his original genius, and a consequent dislike to employing him on what he considered the very inferior work of criticism. " Any fool ", he said, in his usual broad Scotch, "' can pass judgment, more or less just or unjust, on a book or a play—but ' Boz ' can do better things ; he can create works for other people to criticise. Besides, he has never been a great reader of books or plays, and knows but little of them, but has spent his time in studying life. Keep ' Boz ' in reserve for great occasions. He will aye be ready for them."

The Sketches contributed by Dickens during 1834 and 1835 were published in two volumes by Macrone early in 1836, and about a month later the first monthly part of *The Pickwick Papers* made its appearance.

Within six months the circulation of *Pickwick* increased to such an extent that Dickens seriously considered resigning from his journalistic engagement and adopting story writing as a profession. His final determination was made when Bentley the publisher invited him to become the editor of a new monthly publication, *Bentley's Miscellany*, at a liberal remuneration, which would leave him time to complete the other novels he had already agreed to write for Macrone and Chapman and Hall.

Accordingly, on November 5th, 1836, he sent in his resignation and addressed John Easthope as follows :

15 Furnivals Inn.
Saturday, November 5th.

My Dear Sir,

In inclosing to you the accompanying Letter to the Proprietors of *The Morning Chronicle*, I am anxious to express to you personally my warmest and most sincere thanks for all the courtesies and kindnesses I have received at your hands. Although I exchange for a less burdensome and more profitable employment, I can assure you that I feel great regret in leaving an Establishment where I have uniformly discharged my duties with so much pleasure to myself, and I hope I may add, with so much satisfaction to my Employers.

Notwithstanding that my time will not be very much occupied immediately, I have deemed it right to beg you to accept my notice from to-day. I only concluded my other arrangement this morning, or I should have given it before.

The additional Salary, if you please, will now cease. Between this time, and the period at which my notice will expire, I shall take care to

make the number of sketches bear the proper proportion to the amount I have received. I should be happy to speak to you further on this subject, if you will have the goodness to write me word, when I may hope to see you at the office.

I am,
Dear Sir,
Most faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

John Easthope, Esqre.

The notice expired on Saturday, November 12th, and Dickens left the newspaper office : but he appears to have been offended at the little notice which had been taken of his disappearance from the staff, and apparently resented the want of appreciation of the proprietors of *The Morning Chronicle*, judging from the letter he wrote to Easthope a week later :

15 FURNIVALS INN.
Friday Morning
(*November 19th*, 1836).

DEAR SIR,

If you imagine that I was guilty of the least intentional disrespect in not returning to the office the other day, you do me the greatest injustice. Having left Mrs. Dickens in a shop near by ; and having consumed in waiting at the office and going to Cecil Street, a much longer time than I supposed I should have been absent, I did not choose to leave her any longer in a strange place ; knowing as I did how very easily I could account for my not returning (if you had thought anything of it at all, which I considered highly improbable) when I did see you. I have not called since, because I have been very ill, and have not left the house for several days, and have since been obliged to devote my whole time, morning and night, to recovering the ground I had lost by indisposition.

You will permit me to assure you, very respectfully that you are greatly mistaken in imagining that I had *forgotten* that I was to supply a Sketch *weekly*. I merely pursued the same course as I adopted when I wrote the Sketches before. We had the same agreement then, but I wrote sometimes two in one week, sometimes none, as suited my convenience, and that of the paper. The very circumstance of the revising Barristers' Courts being open at the time, assured me that the Chronicle would sustain no injury by my doing so. Its columns must have been pretty full, for on one occasion, a Sketch was lying at the office, I think three days before it was wanted. I have only to add that I shall return the six guineas with the utmost pleasure, and that I wish I could return at the same time every additional sixpence beyond my regular Salary as a reporter that I have received from the Establishment, although I have rendered in return for it, the money's worth.

I should have been well content to have left ; and to have considered the constrained and abrupt terms of your former letter, as one of those matters of course which so often pass between master and servant, when

the servant gives his month's warning, and takes his services elsewhere. But I will say now, in the same frankness and honesty with which you express your feelings to me, that I *did* expect on leaving, to receive some slight written acknowledgment from the Proprietors of *The Morning Chronicle* of the sense they entertained of the services I had performed. I may say now, that on many occasions at a sacrifice of health, rest, and personal comfort, I have again and again, on important expresses in my zeal for the interests of the paper, done what was always before considered impossible, and what in all probability will never be accomplished again. During the whole period of my engagement, wherever there was difficult and harassing duty to be performed—travelling at a few hours' notice hundreds of miles in the depth of winter—leaving hot and crowded rooms to write, the night through, in a close, damp chaise—tearing along, and writing, the most important speeches, under every possible circumstance of disadvantage and difficulty—for that duty I have been selected. And I did not think when I made great efforts to perform it, and to eclipse (as I have done, again and again) other papers with double the means, that my reward at last would be a regret that I had ever enjoyed a few weeks' rest, and a fear lest at the close of two years, I should have received six pounds six too much ! I have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that there is not another newspaper office in London where these services have not been watched and appreciated—that there is not one of my colleagues who will not cheerfully bear testimony to them—and with the respect and esteem of both Editors and reporters, I am happy to say that I can afford to part with the thanks of the Proprietors, although I feel much hurt, and much surprised at the conduct they think proper to pursue towards me.

Depend upon it, Sir, that if you would stimulate those about you to any exertions beyond their ordinary routine of duty, and gather round you competent successors of the young men whom you will constantly find quitting a most arduous and thankless profession, as other prospects dawn upon them, this is not the way to do it.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

John Easthope, Esqre.

Not unnaturally, Easthope resented the tone adopted by his former employee ; perhaps he remembered the part young Dickens had taken in the strike earlier in the year, and all the *Pickwicks* in the world were powerless to remove the sting of this parting shot of one who, in his opinion, was suffering from a swollen head.

The rough draft of his reply runs as follows—it is unfinished, and the second paragraph is crossed out :

M. C. Office.
Friday, November 19th.

Dear Sir,

I will only say that I am sorry to have received such a letter from you as that which I have just had—I regret to hear that you are ill, and I cannot help thinking that it is to that Cause I may attribute your Irritation.

I have no copy of my note, but so far as I can remr its contents I am not aware of anything contained in it calculated . . .

It is evident that no further resentment was expressed by Easthope, for the following notice of Dickens's connection with *Bentley's Miscellany* appeared in the issue of that paper for January 4th, 1837:

Bentley's Miscellany.—This is the right sort of companion for old January. It is full of fun and revelry, and its merry humour sets the blood spinning with healthy alertness that defies even the present stubborn cold weather. And no wonder, when we think of the club of choice spirits who, to use the old tobacconist's legend "Are united in one cause." "Boz" is the President; and seated around the table, we find Theodore Hook, Fenimore Cooper (author of "The Pilot"), Father Prout, Doctor Maginn, Samuel Lover, Haynes Bayly, and the celebrated authors of "Headlong Hall", "Stories of Waterloo", "Ratlin the Reefer", "Hajji Baba", etc. These are the men to make a "Miscellany" worthy of the best days of glorious John Dryden, and his publisher honest old Jacob Tonson."

This notice was, it appears, due to the good offices of Dickens's friend J. P. Collier; but Dickens could not be persuaded to write Easthope a line of thanks. The "ungratefulness of young Dickens" had no doubt been noised round the office by the chief proprietor, causing Collier to send a private line to Dickens, which produced the following letter in reply. It is undated, and was probably written in January 1837:

Furnivals Inn.
Friday Morning.

My Dear Collier,

I feel very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in my behalf. Nobody, I assure you, is more sincerely desirous to stand well with every one than I am; but I cannot write to thank Mr. Easthope for the notice, since I cannot retract one syllable of the letter of which he complains. It is odd that, in the correspondence which passed between us, he complains before this letter was written of thought of; the real and only ground of complaint seeming to be, that I should ever have contemplated the possibility of having anything better to do than reporting for the *Chronicle*.

At some pecuniary loss I gave my notice a long time before I need have done so. I knew that I could by no possibility, have anything to to do for some time to come; but I was unwilling to take advantage of the system the proprietors had established, and so gave my notice at once. I acted with great fairness by them, and have nothing to atone or explain.

I am very anxious that you should now see the letter Mr. Easthope complains of, and the epistle which produced it. I am chained to Mr. Pickwick just now and cannot get away; but on Tuesday morning I hope to be at liberty, and shall take the chance of finding you at home.

I may add that, in writing you about the Miscellany, I had not the most distant intention or idea of asking for any notice out of the ordinary course—much less had I any notion of asking a favour at Mr. Easthope's hands, knowing the difficulty of having any notice in the paper, when half-a-dozen proprietors and agents are pulling different ways, each for himself. I appealed to your kindness and friendship to me to see they did not neglect what, after all, I am strongly disposed to think they would have done with the first number of a new periodical of Bentley's, had Powell himself been the editor.

Believe me, my dear Collier,
Most faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

We can see here the great antagonism which existed between the proprietor and his late servant; the former recognizing in Dickens a very capable descriptive writer, of undoubted value to his paper, but never thinking of any other life for him than that of a newspaper man; and Dickens, full of the fire of genius, anxious to break the chains that bound him to that dull routine of the newspaper world, and to seek fame in the realm of imaginative literature.

How it must have rankled in him, that Easthope should never have regarded him as being suitable for anything better than newspaper reporting!

A few years—less than eight—were to witness a wonderful change in the situation. Easthope had become Sir John; the greybeards of Edinburgh and the youth of Boston and New York had acclaimed Dickens as a genius. *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and *A Christmas Carol* had set the seal on his fame. The knight, his lady, and his sister, had dined at his table prior to his departure for Italy; and it was perhaps then that the proprietor of *The Morning Chronicle* suggested to the famous author that he might possibly care to contribute once again to

his old paper some letters descriptive of his coming travels. Then thoughts of the past arose in Dickens's mind ; he had no liking for a renewal of business transactions with Easthope ; he would hate to find himself bargaining with him. He may have recalled the knight's earlier opinion of his capabilities and translated them into what Sir John might consider their sterling equivalent. But nevertheless Dickens could not resist the compliment. Yes, he would write something from time to time for his old paper, and leave it to Easthope to fix the proper value to his work ; and the shame be his if he fixed it too low !

Such was the decision communicated to his friend Mitton in a letter from Devonshire Terrace, on Sunday, March 10th, 1844 :

> My Dear Mitton,
>
> Easthope is such a damned screw, and it is so impossible to fix him to anything, that I thought it best not to dally but to do something, for the good men of the past, if they heard (which they would be sure to do from him), might think I had rather forgotten Fred's quick appointment and rapid removal. I was standing out on a question of finances. So I said to Doyle " I won't make any bargain with him at all, or haggle like a peddler, but I'll write him a leader now and then and leave him in June to send me a cheque for the whole. He shall set his own value on them ; and if he sets too little, the shame is his, and not mine." He would pay *Anything*, he says, for letters from Italy, but that wouldn't do. I have no doubt he would pay twenty guineas a week. But it wouldn't do.
>
> I send you a paper with my first article in it, the second leader. When you have read it send it me back, as I have no other.

The " leader " referred to was in *The Morning Chronicle* of the previous day, and as it is the only contribution of this nature which can be traced, it is highly probable that the value of Dickens's services did not receive a proper assessment at the hands of his old employer.

The two letters to John Easthope, now published for the first time, were placed at my disposal by Count de Suzannet, to whom my thanks are due.

"SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN"

By Sir Harry Luke, C.M.G.

TO those whose fate it was to be cast on to its shores or to find occupation and accommodation in its harbours, Lemnos first presented itself, in the early days of 1915, nder the modest anonymity of "somewhere in the Mediter-nean". In the hope, cherished but faintly yet at times ctually realized, that our letters would be able to pierce the eil thus suspended between our correspondents and ourselves, e gave this mystic formula as our postal address; but when, little later, the veil was lifted and that "somewhere" was calized at Mudros, I do not think that our friends and relatives ere very much wiser than they had been before. Until the Dardanelles expedition brought the island of Lemnos and its emarkable bay of Mudros into a new prominence, it must e admitted that neither the whole nor the part had figured con-picuously in the eye of the modern world. Boasting no visible emains of Hellenic antiquity and of an unspeakable monotony f treeless scene, Lemnos had attracted neither the archæologist nor the tourist. Few, it is safe to say, besides students of Ægean ivilization possessed any knowledge or retained any recollection f its picturesque mythology, of its not unimportant contribu-ions to classical anthropology. That this volcanic isle was acred to Hephæstus, who,

> "flung by angry Jove
> Sheer o'er the crystal battlements of heaven,"

ell upon its rugged crags; that once the Lemnian women, lisdainful of Aphrodite, were afflicted by the angry goddess vith an evil savour and, having thereby lost the love of their usbands, murdered these and all the other males of the island in evenge for their neglect; that Jason and his Argonauts then paused ere on their way and replenished the island's stock of children; hat these stories formed the subject of one of the hundred

lost dramas of Sophocles ; that here was produced in remote antiquity and has never ceased to be produced the world's most celebrated medicinal earth, the *terra Lemnia* or *sigillata* ; these things were caviare to the general. Not long ago a striking Academy picture entitled, if I recollect aright, " The Lemnians ", drew public attention to " the Lemnian race of husband-slaying wives " ; but this was since the war. At the time of which I write Lemnos was still plunged in oblivion ; while those immediately concerned regarded " somewhere in the Mediterranean " as a distinct euphemism for the bleakest, ugliest, most un-Mediterranean-looking island they had ever seen or imagined.

It was to this dreary and uninviting spot, more suggestive of the Hebrides or the Falklands than of the Isles of Greece, that I proceeded, in February 1915, to join the Staff of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Wester Wemyss, then Rear-Admiral Rosslyn Wemyss. The Admiral had arrived there three days previously, invested with the twofold functions of Senior Naval Officer, Mudros, and Governor of Lemnos ; and he has chronicled, in his book *The Navy in the Dardanelles Campaign*, his astonishment in finding that the island he had been sent out to govern belonged to somebody else. Taken by Greece from Turkey in October 1912, during the first Balkan War but of a national status that had evidently failed to secure much publicity, Lemnos already boasted, we were soon to discover, not one but three Governors, who represented, in different capacities, the island's lawful owners. In Kastro, the capital, a pretty little town on the eastern shore, looking across fifty miles of sea to the noble peak of Athos, a Civil Commissioner and a Military Commandant exercised authority in their several spheres ; in Mudros was the senior of the three, the *Frère aîné de la Trinité*, if I may use a jest well worn in another connexion, in the person of a Greek Paymaster-Commander. This naval officer, who was to prove to us, in circumstances that must often have tried his *amour propre*, an understanding helper and a loyal friend, bore the title of Διοικητὴς ἀμύνης Λήμνου, " Commissioner of the Defence of Lemnos ", and was the ultimate depository of Greek sovereignty in the island. In the presence of such a plethora of legitimate authorities the arrival of yet another Governor—of

one, moreover, who represented a Power with no legal *locus standi* in the place—might have appeared in theory to be somewhat of an anomaly. In practice it proved all-essential to the security of the Allied base, which was now rapidly growing in and around Mudros in preparation for the combined operations against the Gallipoli Peninsula. With no sovereign rights upon which to rest his authority, with no defined limits to his territorial jurisdiction, the Admiral proceeded to set up on behalf of the Allies an Administration which for utter lack of those constitutional foundations usually considered necessary to a Government, combined with a degree of paternal despotism marvellous to look back upon in these days of a drab return to ordinary law, was, I venture to think, unique. The executive officers of this remarkable organization were two, namely, Admiral Wemyss as Governor with myself as " Government Secretary ", a designation improvised *ad hoc* under which I implemented his instructions and administered, under his orders, our little *imperium in imperio*.

My machinery for this purpose, so far as the routine of government was concerned, was neither complicated nor costly. It consisted of two civilian Cypriote clerks and two printers with a modicum of English and Greek type, all lent by the Government of Cyprus. Somewhat later I took unto myself an assistant with the duty of watching the Kastro end of the Island ; but the real power behind our rather sketchy throne consisted, of course, of the Allied armed forces, who ensured, when necessary, the execution of orders and provided the requisite cordons and guards.

Fortunately we were unhampered in our task by any instructions from home and could take such dispositions as seemed necessary with complete freedom of action. We did not attempt to interfere in any way with the normal Greek administration, either fiscal, judicial or municipal. We imposed no taxes, we heard no suits, we insisted upon the Mayors and village headmen fulfilling their proper functions. We sought only to make Lemnos safe for the Allies and, when we legislated, which we did pretty drastically (by a sort of ukase which we euphemistically termed a " Government Notice ", promulgated in poster form in English and Greek), our legislation envisaged

exclusively the security of the Allied Forces. We had to guard, in the words of Lord Wester Wemyss, against "spies, secret agents, mischievous neutrals, babblers and adventurers"; we had to establish a rigorous postal and telegraphic censorship; we had to prevent unscrupulous local profiteers from endangering the health of troops and convalescents with unscrupulous local liquor; we had to watch and control neutral shipping and to regulate the movements of the numerous local schooners (*caiques*); we had to conserve local food supplies; we had to assess compensation to the owners of the land converted into camps; we had to devise sanitary regulations in view of the unexpected presence of many thousands of sailors and soldiers in a thinly populated place of the most primitive resources. I had even to fix the charges at the popular natural hot springs at Thermæ, whose lessor had been extorting from unhappy officers and men, repairing thither for a Turkish bath, about eighty times the normal price.

Our principal difficulty lay in carrying out the first of these varied obligations in such a way as to reduce the loopholes for the infiltration of undesirables to a minimum. The establishment of the Allied base for the Dardanelles campaign, coupled with the presence of thousands of allied troops with money in their pockets, proved as irresistible to those anxious to acquire information as to those desirous of disposing of merchandise, two categories not infrequently merged into one. From Athens, from Volo, from Salonika, from Kavalla, from Dedeaghach, from Mytilene, from Crete, from Egypt, in short from every neutral port in the Levant there converged or endeavoured to converge upon Lemnos every sort of adventurer, filled, when his motives were not more sinister, with the true Levantine determination not to miss so golden an opportunity to get rich quick. At first these people were mostly of a harmless kind. I remember two gentle monks from Mount Athos who, during a brief and profitable plunge into the worldly life, peddled chocolate and Turkish delight to the Australians. But a more equivocal type of stranger soon followed in the wake of the humble hawker; for, although we could easily control arrivals at Mudros, we had not the same facilities at Kastro, which lay outside such nebulous jurisdiction as the Admiral possessed

m the eastern part of the Island. Luckily there is in the northern coast of Lemnos a deep indentation, corresponding with that made by Mudros Bay on the south, so that a narrow isthmus oins the eastern and western halves of the island. Across this sthmus we placed a cordon of troops, and no one was admitted hrough this cordon into the Mudros side without a pass signed by myself. Nor did by any means all the undesirables in the place come from outside: Lemnos, too, provided its quota, and that in no ungenerous measure. So by degrees there took place a combing out of the unwanted; and ultimately I had to devise a second type of pass, of a different colour, without which no Lemniote was entitled to reside in or enter the eastern half of the island. Hard on these there followed yet other forms of permits for other aspects of human activity, irksome, no doubt, to the unscrupulous and the disloyal sections of the population but quite indispensable to us. As for the inhabitants who behaved themselves, they reaped harvests of an undreamed-of richness in the rents we paid for their lands, and in the opportunities they found—and used—to sell their produce to the troops.

How, it will be asked, were these regulations enforced? What was the penalty for their non-observance? The answer is contained in two words of sinister import in those days to the evildoers of Lemnos: the words "concentration camp". The concentration camp was a piece of land on an eminence about a mile away from my office, enclosed in barbed wire. Its features were some tents just outside the wire for the guard and the cook, some tents inside it for the inmates, and an otherwise undisturbed view of the azure sky of heaven. The inmates were recruited (without difficulty) from those found transgressing the Government Notices aforesaid, after being sentenced by me to such terms of detention as the circumstances appeared to render appropriate. Every now and again, accompanied by a naval guard and a picket-boat of suitable capacity, I would pay surprise visits to villages along the shores of Mudros Bay, surround the villages while passes were examined, and dump those whose passes were obsolete, forged or non-existent into the picket-boat for conveyance to the camp. On one of these occasions I found in a village near one of the convalescent camps a man who had contrived, despite the vigilance of our

coastguard posts and torpedo-boat patrols, to land on an uninhabited part of the coast from Thasos or some such neighbouring island and had since been plying a thriving trade as a grocer and retail purveyor of indifferent Greek "cognac". I concluded that his trade was thriving because, when I caught him permitless, he went down on his knees and proceeded to count out 1,000-drachmæ notes from a bulging pocketbook, which he offered to me if I would allow him to remain where he was. In view of the time and the place—the time being one of a steady drop in the value of the drachma and the place a crowded village square of conspicuous publicity—I gave the lie to the dictum of the late Sir Robert Walpole. But I stopped the man after he had counted out the sixth thousand and had him hustled into the boat.

The method of emptying the camp was as direct as the method of filling it and was, I fear, equally arbitrary. With Lemniotes there was, of course, no difficulty; they walked quietly to their homes after purging their sentences. But as regards evacuating those detained for smuggling themselves into the Island without permission (with whom we did not want to be burdened longer than was necessary), the treatment was necessarily different. Now it constantly happened that coasting and tramp steamers found their way into Mudros harbour with papers subsequently found by our boarding officers to be at variance with the instructions laid down by the Allied Naval Command; in these cases permission to clear was refused pending full investigation. After the institution of the concentration camp I arranged with our port control authorities that in no case would these ships be allowed to proceed on their way without a certificate from me, which certificate I made conditional upon the masters of the ships undertaking to carry free of charge to any port they liked, provided that it was outside Lemnos and the area of operations, the strangers due to be discharged from the camp. At first one or two captains jibbed at this proposal, demanding to be paid by the British Government a fare of at least £4 per deportee; but, when they found their clearance papers hanging fire and their demurrage mounting up, they resigned themselves to the inevitable. It soon became known in Ægean shipping circles that vessels unlawfully entering Mudros ran that particular kind

risk, and thereafter I had no more trouble in this respect. One of my most difficult preoccupations was with the liquor question, to which I have already made allusion. There were in the island several small distilleries of inferior brandy and arrack; and it soon became abundantly clear that steps would have to be taken to check the indiscriminate sale of these products to the troops, especially to convalescents. In the first instance, but without much real hope of success, we tried moral persuasion and suggestions of local option in the villages; the next stage was definite prohibition within a zone gradually increasing with the increase in the number of camps. That order being, as it was bound to be, constantly evaded by the profit-hatching Danæans, I had ultimately to resort to a frank confiscation of undeclared stocks of liquor in the prohibited zone, reinforced by the concentration camp for the delinquents. Being in no sense an advocate of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, I grieve to think of the quantity of liquor I caused to be poured into the ground; but, if it made eastern Lemnos, in modern parlance, bone-dry, it safeguarded in an important respect the health of the troops. Incidentally it involved the Admiral and myself in serious differences with the Bishop of Lemnos, the ecclesiastical chief of the island.

The Bishop or, to give him his full title, His All Sacredness the Metropolitan of Lemnos and Hagios Eustratios (Hagios Eustratios, commonly known as Strati Island, being a dependency of Lemnos, lying about twenty-five miles to the south) was handsome, young as Bishops go and vigorous, a man of imposing presence, of unquenchable enterprise and of considerable force of character. He was essentially not a " religious bishop ", using the phrase in the sense in which Italians sometimes speak of a " religious Pope ". He had previously been Metropolitan of some see in Macedonia, where he had taken his full share in the special activities associated with that unrestful neighbourhood. He was what the Greeks call a *palikari*, that is to say, a blend of fighting-man, bully, dandy and sportsman (a blend not as uncommon among the Balkan episcopate as might be supposed); he was also what is known in Macedonia as a *komitaji*. For what he lacked in saintliness he made up in

virility ; and he took pride in the fact that in one of the innumerable *bagarres* which punctuate existence in Macedonia he had with his own hand despatched about a dozen Bulgars to what he was convinced was eternal perdition. After this episode he was transferred, as a measure for pacifying the countryside, to the more calming diocese of Lemnos, where we found him turning, as it were, a very real revolver into a metaphorical ploughshare.

But the Bishop, despite his fiery temperament, was not a Greek for nothing ; this fighting prelate was no stranger to the arts of trimming and of studying his own advantage. Lemnos having formed ecclesiastically, before its annexation by Greece, a part of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, there was now some doubt whether the see still owed allegiance to the Œcumenical Throne or had become, by virtue of the annexation, subject to the Holy Synod of Greece. Similarly, in his political convictions, the Bishop was as uncertain as he was in his spiritual allegiance. Oscillating between Constantine and Venizelos as the balance between the two protagonists of Greece swung this way or that, the holy man performed prodigies of virtuosity in the endeavour to preserve his own, complacent with us to a degree when things went well with the Allies and Venizelos's shares achieved a corresponding rise, exacting and obstructive when he thought that events were justifying the policy of King Constantine. But his greed proved his undoing. In October 1915, I had occasion to be absent from Lemnos for three weeks in Salonika and elsewhere. On my return I learned from the Admiral that there had been a recurrence of liquor trouble in the neighbourhood of the camps at " Mudros West ". The next day I crossed the Bay to investigate matters on the spot, and the information I gleaned led me to search a small monastery just outside one of the camps. There, not altogether to my surprise, I found that an underground chamber adjoining the crypt of the monastic Church had been fitted up as a veritable gin-palace ; and it soon transpired that the man who had been financing this establishment—and drawing the profits—was none other than the Bishop. Lord Wester Wemyss has lifted the veil only partially on the painful scene which ensued a few days later in his cabin in the *Europa*, when the Bishop, robbed of this prey, was no longer

ὁ ἅγιος but ὁ ἄγριος Λήμνου*. Not long afterwards this Father in God withdrew for a while to Athens to cool his heels on the mainland of Greece, after launching against the Admiral and myself every anathema in his well equipped spiritual arsenal.

As time wore on it was only in episodes such as these that relief could be obtained from the awful monotony of life in Lemnos. At the outset of the campaign, when everyone was full of hope and confidence and all was bustle and expansion and tremendous activity, Mudros was both lively and interesting. Its harbour was an impressive sight as it filled with hundreds of vessels of every description, ranging from Dreadnoughts to dredgers, from steam-yachts converted into hospital-ships to sturdy little Yarmouth trawlers. The most graceful, and perhaps the most incongruous craft in harbour was H.M.S. *Imogene*, well known in the spacious days before the war as the *stationnaire* of His Majesty's Ambassador to the Sublime Porte. This trim little yacht had been mobilized at the beginning of the Dardanelles expedition into Admiral Wemyss's flagship, which she continued to be until the staff and the work outgrew her and compelled expansion into the *Europa*; and for some months her dainty cabins panelled in white and gold, her downy four-poster beds offered comfort as welcome as it had become unaccustomed to the members of the Admiral's staff to whom they were allotted. But oddly out of keeping as were these luxuries with their new surroundings, they had none the less to be preserved against the day (destined never to come) when the *Imogene* would revert to her original use, would again cruise peacefully up and down the Bosporus and among the Princes' Islands in the Sea of Marmora. So the domestics of the yacht were retained and converted into naval ratings, and as such there now functioned George the Greek, Marko the Montenegrin, Paul the Persian and Tewfik the Turk. Tewfik the Turk was, to the best of my recollection, a Moslem Albanian, while Paul the Persian was a Nestorian Christian from Urumiah in Persian Azerbaijan. Subject to the above explanation these happy

* i.e. not the "Holy One of Lemnos" but the "wild man of Lemnos". Bishops of the Greek-speaking branches of the Orthodox Church are colloquially referred to, and addressed as, ὁ ἅγιος (holy), followed by the name of their see.

alliterations enshrined the genuine names and nationalities of the four men and were not, as one might be tempted to assume, the ingenious invention of some Embassy wag.

Every day Mudros's narrow streets were agog with British Imperial and Dominion troops, with Indians, Gurkhas, Maoris and the Zionist Mule Corps ; with the French and their Foreign Legion, their Tirailleurs, Turcos, Spahis and Senegalese; with seamen from the Russian cruiser *Askold*, whose five funnels wonderfully impressed the inexpert ; with Greek refugees from Asia Minor being drilled by the French into a " *Légion d'Orient* " and clothed in a blend of Zouave and Albanian dress. One day, as if in illustration of this cosmopolitan variety, I received at the " Restaurant de France ", where I would sometimes lunch when too busy to return to the *Europa*, the following coins in change for a sovereign : English and Australian shillings, French and Greek silver, an Egyptian ten-piastre piece, a rouble, a lira of Pius IX, a Tunisian franc, a lev of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, a few Turkish *metaliks*, some thick copper obols of King Otho of Greece and a *soldo* of San Marino.

But, as stalemate developed on the Peninsula, Lemnos became appreciably duller and, after the evacuation, almost intolerable. My only distraction was now a weekly visit of inspection to Kastro ; and the *bonne bouche* of this visit, in a very literal sense, was luncheon at an excellent little restaurant set up by a Kastriote who had been for years Lord Cromer's cook in Cairo. The isthmus cordon had also taken on with the times (spies being now no longer so interested in Lemnos) a more prosaic and material group of functions ; it had become, amongst other things, a preventive service against the introduction of *hashish*. Men of the Egyptian Labour Corps, who had been imported to build roads and piers about Mudros, were beginning to create a lively demand for this article, which I now learned with surprise was manufactured in Greece. Flat, compressed, oblong packets with rounded corners, neatly stitched in canvas, were gradually finding their way from the Piræus to Kastro, where my vigilant assistant discovered that a service of market-women was being organized to smuggle them across to Mudros, concealed at the bottom of baskets of tangerines. I remember burning a large haul of these slabs behind my office, and my

disappointment at the holocaust giving off not the faintest aromatic smell.

Two short missions to Mount Athos also provided a welcome break. There was, indeed, talk early in 1916, in connexion with enemy submarine activities, of establishing an Allied post in the monastic Republic, and a friend of mine was selected to be ' Resident and Senior Naval Officer, Mount Athos ". I turned out for him in my printing-press a sheaf of proclamations, regulations and passes in English and Greek, while ingenious people in the *Ark Royal* designed a set of perfectly delightful postage stamps. In the event the project was abandoned (on account, I believe, of certain Russian objections), and the war was the poorer by what would have been a picturesque little episode. I have always regretted that those stamps with their English, Russian and Greek lettering and values in pence, kopecks and lepta, bearing the Byzantine double-headed eagle surmounted by a medallion of the Virgin and Child and surrounded with the words " Theocracy of Mt. Athos ", never advanced beyond the state of proofs.

During the six months that I remained in Lemnos after the evacuation of the Peninsula (Admiral Christian having by then succeeded Admiral Wemyss) much of my time was taken up with the enlargement and putting into order of that part of Mudros " which is for ever England ". After the first attack on the Narrows we had acquired for this purpose a field adjoining the Orthodox cemetery of the village ; but many, alas, were the extensions that had subsequently to be made. Even here I was confronted with the characteristic rapacity of the Lemniotes, and one old peasant woman, whose small parcel of uncultivated ground it was necessary to include, it having been practically surrounded by successive extensions, held out for a fantastic price with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. When the Allied cemetery (for there are laid to rest there representatives of all the races I have quoted on a previous page, irrespective of colour or religion) was completed I left Lemnos without regrets, after a full year and a half of it ; and, in common with the many thousands of others who were cast upon its shores during the campaign, I felt that I should not mind if I never saw it again.

A certain interest attaches to one of the Admiralty charts

of Lemnos on account of the names, seemingly innocent, which it allots to four eminences near Kombi Point on the western shore of Mudros Bay. The names are :

YAM HILL
YRROC HILL
EB HILL
DENMAD HILL

and their origin is as follows. Some years before the war one of His Majesty's ships commanded by a certain Corry was sent to Mudros for three weeks, but the stern and conscientious C.O., instead of letting his officers spend their time shooting red-legs, made them do surveying work ashore. They took their revenge by giving these hills names which, reversed, called down eternal punishment upon the unsuspecting Corry. As they seemed no more outlandish than any other names in those parts their significance was not spotted, so they found their way on to the chart, where they have remained ever since.

What Corry's officers in Mudros felt about Captain Corry, that is what I felt about Mudros.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

VIOLENT and bloody deeds have a sinister fascination, but the first news of what happened at Marseilles brought back one ominous name to thousands of anxious minds : Sarajevo. It is not so grave as that. But the ruler who at that moment seemed most likely to consolidate security in Europe, and the statesman of whom the same might be said, were swept out of action n one swift killing. Nothing has ever so clearly proved that no ife is safe at any moment against the man reckless of his own. n this case recklessness was pushed to the level of a Dyak unning amok ; the killer, with blood in his eyes, even when his bject was attained, went on killing. That kind of desperate esolution, like a weasel's, extorts a certain respect ; but the man e went out to kill had for six years, through three wars, given ourage to people in years of defeat even more than in hours f victory. He had led to national status what, as this tragedy roves only too clearly, is not one nation yet. A national hero n times of discord is always by some part of his own people egarded as the arch enemy : Englishmen will not easily under- tand ; Irishmen will remember Michael Collins and Kevin O'Higgins.

The Assassin

M. Barthou, whose death was probably undesigned bounty to he forces of destruction, stood high in the counsels of Europe. He was one of those Frenchmen who bring into political life the nost accomplished intellectual culture—like Clemenceau and ike Poincaré, under both of whom he had served, and whose olitical tendencies he shared. England, however, had come to egard this attitude of France in foreign affairs with less hostility nd with more comprehension. If M. Barthou could have rought about that better understanding between France and

Italy, based on a reconciliation between Italy and Yugoslavia, which was the ultimate purpose behind King Alexander's visit, England and Europe would have applauded him. It is possible that the reaction from this shock may dispose good Europeans in France, Italy, and the Balkans, since they cannot restore the dead, at least to see that the beneficent will of those who fell shall not be thwarted by a mad fanatic.

Spain and Russia

Events in Spain are distressing to all who love that country; no nation anywhere endears itself more to those who visit it. Spaniards are liked and admired, because it seems (I speak, to my sorrow, without personal experience) a high tradition of courtesy is preserved there among gentle and simple. They are said to be deficient in education, but no one denies that they have dignity, a real self-respect, which can only come from inherited culture, worth more than the mere habit of using the written word. Such a people cannot be driven in herds, and that is why I doubt the truth of one observation credited to Lenin—that Spain was the European country most likely to follow Russia's example. Admitting that there were resemblances: a terrible gulf in the degree of wealth between the owners of property (often absentees) and the peasantry; a clergy in the lower ranks ill-provided and ill-educated, in the higher ranks, too rich and too worldly; a lack of contact with modern knowledge—still, such a people as is described to us by those who know them in Spain will think, and what matters more, will feel, and act on their feelings, as individuals. Submission was in the blood of Russians: Spain is only too full of local resistances. Lying where it does, beyond the barrier of the Pyrenees, beyond a solid France, its disturbances menace no neighbour nation, and it has no cause to fear attempts on it from outside. Yet if indeed the whole of Spain went Bolshevik, it would be a serious matter for all Europe to lie between two spheres of this infection; and a new focus would radiate more activity than the original one.

But if, unfortunately, Spain seems unlikely to do anything harmoniously as a whole, it is fortunately unlikely to be swept by any mass movement. What threatens there is in part anti-clerical revolt, directed against any political grouping which

would restore the clergy to even part of the power which, under the monarchy, they exercised, especially in education. But it is more than that: it is the claim of doctrinaire republicanism to dictate to democracy: the claim which, when there was civil war in Ireland, Mr. de Valera put into a formula: "The people has no right to do wrong!" A minority of orthodox Republicans" arrogate to themselves the function of deciding how far the public at large may modify the application of full-blown, or in the modern phrase "hundred per cent." Republicanism. Democracy means that the people shall choose how it will be governed, and if Señor Lerroux decides that Catholics shall be called into the government of a country where Catholics are greatly more numerous than the rest, he certainly has a democratic right to do so; and it seems that the army stands solidly for this right against those who work with guns and bombs to deny it. Russia's example has gone far to persuade all self-righteous minorities that they can establish themselves and their principles in power by sufficient ruthlessness. Every defeat inflicted on this belief and those who put it into practice is a step towards peace—and liberty.

The Guardians of Liberty

It is sometimes good to listen back and hear the commentary on life which rose to men's lips a considerable time ago. In 1760, Goldsmith had begun to publish his *Citizen of the World*, and very early in the series his imaginary Chinese observer has these remarks upon the English:

> "Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love the King as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact."

This pride, it seemed to Goldsmith, was to be found in strange quarters. He pictures outside a debtors' prison one of the debtors conversing through bars with a porter and a soldier, and expressing the greatest of his apprehensions: "If the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative." Since those days that prerogative has been in theory extended over all Europe, under the name of democracy, but in fact, as we all know,

has been abolished over a formidable portion of its territory, and is threatened over the remainder. Not from the outside: France is no more going to take away England's liberty than England France's. On the contrary, the world has so evolved that these ancient opposites are now united in a common guardianship of freedom. Not indeed by their armed power; a sense of international principle—which has been part of the same evolution—will not permit outside states to protect liberty against attacks from within. Austria, had Austria been left a fair field, might have gone Nazi without danger of intervention. External power has been invoked and displayed there to secure to a small nation its freedom of choice; and both France and England are committed to do as much again if need should recur. For individual liberty outside their own boundaries they accept no such trust. Yet by example they are its main upholders. For, although in Switzerland, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia, men retain that personal freedom of which England in Goldsmith's day was regarded as the special home, it simply could not survive anywhere in Europe if France and England yielded to a double movement which is at work in both.

"Nothing Happens in England"

That is why one watches with almost painful interest the mustering and review of forces before the opening of a new parliamentary campaign. In both countries the real issue is to know whether in future there shall be any parliamentary campaigns. No doubt in England this question is not of today or to-morrow. I have always accepted the philosophy of an answer given by that very able Jew, Sidney Low—"What is going to happen in England?—What always happens in England. Nothing. That is the strength of England." He said that some thirty years ago, and in a very different world, yet I see no reason to believe that he would change his opinion now. If indeed the Fascist movement in England required to be taken seriously, Communism, or at least Left Wing Socialism, would have its chance. Sir Oswald Mosley's experiment in Hyde Park demonstrated that the Black Shirt business was little more than a dilettante masquerade, like the old "White Rose" assemblages, while the opposition to it ran like a swirling tide. But Communists will

ake the most of the Fascist bogey as a stimulant for their own opaganda ; it is easier to move when you have something allenging to move against—especially if it is not too formidable.

Dangerous Tendencies

Proceedings at the National Labour Party's Conference were, the surface, reassuring. The Left Wing's motions were voted down by overpowering majorities of steady-going trade unionists. Mr. Lees-Smith pointed out the danger that voters with savings would sist the idea of confiscation. But there is truth in Sir Stafford ipps's argument that drastic taxation of capital values, which the ficial Labour Party contemplates, is very much the same as ked confiscation. In fact, however, so long as the solid trade ionist wing dominates, liberty is not seriously threatened. But remember how easily the old-fashioned Nationalists of Red-ond's following were able to swamp their Left Wing until foreseen convulsions coming from the outer world gave Sinn ein its chance. Even without the European War, civil war, reatened from Ulster, might have developed the same result. is never easy to decide effectively that you will have so much volution and no more. Labour politicians admittedly aim at r-reaching changes, and change in some measure is the condition growth, that is, of life. But the rate and the nature of change a free society will be decided by those who control the brakes. oo much brake means a skid and a crash. That is why some mptoms at the National Conservative gathering are dis-ieting. A great many Conservatives would prefer to see a rely conservative administration—by which they seem to mean return to the policy of the Manchester Liberal School tempered so much Protection as is useful for business interests. One gnificant vote practically condemned the action of the Ministry Health by demanding that " an equitable basis of compensa-on should be secured for dispossessed owners of property which ad been maintained in a habitable state of repair". Sir Hilton oung, in replying, said that "when a house was unfit for habita-on, it was not entitled to compensation". He was at once allenged ; " Why ? " and the vote indicated that Conservatives large were not prepared to accept the decision of Socialist unicipalities as to what was unfit, even when the Ministry

confirmed it. Here Socialist propaganda gets an excellent chance to represent conservatism as championing owners of undesirable slums.

Mr. Baldwin Leads

The other resolution critical of the Government sought to pin Conservatism to a declaration of policy on India without waiting for the Joint Committee's report. No member of the Government spoke; the case for waiting till the body entrusted to hear evidence should have pronounced was put by leaders of the rank and file. 1,063 votes were cast and the resolution was defeated by just 23. Plainly enough there was need for an assertion of authority, and Mr. Baldwin, never at his best till he has his back against the wall, gave it: "I am at present the leader of the party, and as long as I lead, I am going to lead it." He got a ringing answer: all men, but more especially Englishmen, like courage. Then he went on to one of those observations by which he affects the public mind. There is restlessness, widespread, he said: but it must not be taken as simply the revolt of the "have-nots" against the "haves". It is restlessness under the invasion of man's sphere by the machine. There must be reorganization of society to utilize the leisure which machinery has not only created, but imposed. Less necessary work to be done by men and women means more leisure.

Those who wish to see a break-up of the existing order will regard enforced and miserable leisure—the leisure of the unemployed to-day—as a useful disintegrant. The prime object with Conservatives should be to ensure that since this leisure must exist, it shall not be miserable nor destructive. They stand for maintaining the English tradition of liberty; in times like these, liberty must be more than a good mouth-filling name, to be applauded, as Goldsmith's irony suggested, by debtors in prison. It would be pleasant for Conservatives to feel that the country is governed solely on lines agreeable to those who have at the moment a huge majority in Parliament over all other political sects. Coalitions are not liked, even when you call one a "National Government". But they are in fact the substitute for a dictatorship to which England and other parliamentary countries have recourse in face of an emergency. Parties and

individuals—except those who feel it more patriotic to be in opposition—must then give up something of their full political rights, and leave in abeyance some of their political tenets. This is the harder because those who make the sacrifice have to watch the opposition (as they think, unpatriotically) asserting its particular views to the top of its bent. Naturally enough, some of them begin to have a hankering after other forms of corporate dictatorship in which no opposition is tolerated.

Division Over India

But it is worth while for Englishmen to consider the case of France. Here M. Doumergue's administration has beyond doubt rendered great services and might set out a record of achievement comparable to that which Mr. Baldwin recalled; yet in France also the structure on which his limited dictatorship is founded threatens to crack. Frenchmen who were badly scared last February now pick up heart of grace and do not see why party preferences should not be fully asserted. The danger ahead is different. In England, the solidarity of a "National" government is threatened by division over Indian policy—a matter of external empire: in France M. Doumergue's policy is in danger because he wants to strengthen the Government inside France. Englishmen are elected to the parliament to be part of a team under the orders of a captain, who may be charged with the conduct of the nation's affairs. But the French have never really given up the Athenian plan under which each citizen went down to the Assembly and followed his own personal inclination; and since this is not physically possible, they insist—by usage stronger than law—that local members shall at any moment be ready for the sake of a local or sectional interest to trip up the Government, which represents the nation as best it can. M. Doumergue proposes (chiefly) that when this happens, the Government may appeal, as in England it can, to the nation for a verdict. A "truce" in France means that the game is not to be played according to the usual rules, and for a time full authority is conceded to the nation's representatives. But the emergency is now past, and a large section of French politicians think it time to form a "*Front Commun*". Against what? When authority is prolonged, it looks to them like dictatorship; and it is indeed a sort of

dictatorship put into commission. But Englishmen will argue that France, or Europe, can ill afford that the policy of France should lack continuity at present. Is it less clear that continuity in England is needed by England and by Europe? or that continuity is threatened by the unchecked play of party spirit? Is October, 1931, so much further off than February, 1934, or England's recovery so much more complete than that of France?

In both countries—need one say?—the menace is not Socialism, for Socialism has penetrated the whole of civic existence. Sir William Harcourt, that stout Whig, said as a kind of paradox: "We are all Socialists now"; but he would hold up his hands in horror at measures which the most Conservative Government now conceivable carries out as matter of course. Owners of property have learnt to submit to demands on them which would have been inconceivable to a Whig world (the vanished Utopia of true blue Tories). What remains however is liberty: the right of free thought, free speech, and free action. That has gone by the board in Russia and in Germany: not much is left in Italy. It might go also in England and in France—and whether Black shirts or Red shirts abolished it, would not matter profoundly.

Meanwhile, among the things which have helped to create in England a sense of security, it is pleasant to note one that impressed popular feeling. When the *Queen Mary* took the water, England masterfully asserted an old claim to mastery. Many thousands held their breath, too moved for cheering, when that vast fabric of metal, "long as a street and taller than a tower", was set in smooth motion by a royal lady's touch on a button. Imagination boggles at the effort to realize all the skill and all the power that are implied; but it pictures readily enough what resumption of this interrupted enterprise has meant to thousands of the best workmen and their families, and will mean to thousands more. Mr. Masefield's ode had a subject well fitted to the seaman who is laureate to a sailor king; and his lines of benediction will find echoes far away.

Less happy are the reflections arising out of another sea challenge. Ill blood seems to attend all these contests for the America's Cup. At least one may thank Providence that there are no test matches played with the United States. Whether good feeling has now been restored between England and Australia only the experts in such matters can decide ; but at least the wave of real anxiety in England over Mr. Bradman's illness, reaching, as it did, the most unlikely quarters, must have been recognized at the other side of the world. A Chinese philosopher (real or imaginary) might be astonished at the importance given to sport and its heroes ; but this is neither novel nor peculiar to the English-speaking world. Mr. Compton Mackenzie's book on *Marathon and Salamis* tells me (what of course Macaulay's schoolboy would have known) that while the Spartans were making their immortal stand at Thermopylæ, and the Greek fleet was fighting at Artemisium an action which was the forerunner of Salamis, " the two most renowned Greek boxers, Theogenes and Euthymus were fighting their great match at the Olympic games ".

Sport and Ill Blood

The last number of this REVIEW welcomed the magnificent French-English dictionary which Mr. Mansion, directing a powerful team, prepared, and Messrs. Harrap published. Almost at the same time the Clarendon Press render another service to good understanding between neighbour nations and complementary cultures by bringing out the *Concise Oxford French Dictionary*—much more limited in scope, and consequently modest in price. It is French work, not English ; two married workers with only some small outside help carried through the whole—both of them singularly able, both having intimate comprehension not only of English language but English life and English literature. The directing spirit was Abel Chevalley, and though he did not live to see final completion, the book (for it is a book, not only a dictionary) is stamped with his impress. He loved words as other men love wines, with a sensuous delight in their colour and quality, a keen interest in their shifting values. In his writings, but more specially in his letters, there was the oddest mixture of those new terms which philosophy and criticism

A Lover of Words

borrow from science, with survivals from the tongue of Rabelais, or some fresh mintage of slang. Whatever would give precision to his thought he accepted as an instrument; but he leapt joyfully at a word which had sap and pungency. Turning over these pages one seems to watch a man playing a game of skill rather than executing a task. If there are two colloquial equivalents for some phrase, though one would be explanation enough, down they both go, for enrichment.

A special feature of the work is the provision of "danger signs" set against words whose appearances are misleading. "A sensible man" and *un homme sensible* are as different as sense and sensibility. By following these signs one might compile an amusing list of possible blunders: for instance, no cook in France looks for *une situation*, but every young man going into business does. You never say that you sent your friend a *note*, unless you mean some sort of bill. And it does not do to tell a person that he is *fastidieux*, which only means "tedious". *Mignonette* may mean several things, including a "midget" photograph, but never mignonette; and *primerose* (if you meet the word, which is not common) is a hollyhock. *Gourmand*, as most people know, at worst signifies no more than greedy; but here is Chevalley's useful ruling: "A *gourmand* is more voracious than a *gourmet*, but less so than a *glouton*." In these cases there is a definite error to be avoided. But since language is, to quote again from his introduction, "a house more than half built in the air, of metaphors, shadows and shades and visions, ever changing, ever moving, without perhaps one single exact counterpart in the two enchanted fabrics", it follows that there are distinctions which no dictionary can give account of.

One might build a whole essay on the different inflections of so simple a word as "courage" in the two tongues. It would go to prove that the French think more of resistance to attack on the nerves, the English rather of a valour that goes into action as a bird sings. Probably the theory would be wrong; but the hunt would be worth following.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A PROPHET TO-DAY

By Henry W. Nevinson

PERIMENT IN AUTOBIO-RAPHY, by H. G. Wells. *Gollancz.* s. 6*d.*

nly the rest of this book had not been ich absorbing interest, I should like ave spent the whole of this article the Introduction. The author ns by complaining that his thoughts work are encumbered by claims and ations from which he can see no hope elease. They paralyse the proper use imself. He is entangled and eaten by daily demands and urgencies. wants to lead a supernormal life, to concentrate the largest possible portion of his energy upon the par-lar system of effort which he regards is distinctive business in the world, he does not desire to live longer ss he can get on with that business. his purpose is thwarted by the asion of quite secondary matters, ordinate and everyday things in an r-growing jungle. "My hours are ked with them", he says, "my ughts are tattered by them". All his he has been struggling against them, the sense of crisis has become more te now that he has only ten or fifteen rs left for his work.

or his purpose, he says, he requires a sant, well-lit writing-room in good and a comfortable bedroom to sleep There should be a secretary or ist and an abundant library within h, a pervading sense of security and ntion, beautiful scenery outside the big windows to be changed ever and again. Like Henry James, he craves for "A Great Good Place" where the fagged mind could be active and free :—

> "Because of my essential preoccupation", he writes, "I have never given any person nor place a simple disinterested love. It was not in me. I have loved acutely, but that is another matter. I have attended spasmodically to business and money-making. And here I am at sixty-five (spring, 1932) still asking for peace that I may work some more, that I may do that major task that will atone for all the short-comings of what I have done in the past."

It is a complaint that many people must sympathise with. Certainly nearly all writers and workers in the arts will sympathise. Ruskin raised the complaint in almost the same words: Goethe and Carlyle felt the entanglement of common life; even Pater lamented it as an unfortunate necessity. But it is surprising that Wells should feel it so deeply; for his life, with its enormous production, seems like a triumphal march over the dull little paving-stones of life. And even if he had dwelt in that well-lit writing-room and comfortable bedroom, gazing out upon beautiful scenery, and untouched by the common cares and bothers of mortality, what would he have gained as a writer? What would he not have lost? He is a great writer—by universal consent one of the three greatest writers that our country has produced in the last forty years. But I do not find that the greatest writers have cherished their

genius with cloistered and fugitive solicitude. Had Mr. Wells been able to live in that enviable isolation, we should never have had *Kipps*, nor *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, nor *The New Machiavelli* nor *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, nor a lot more of his most delightful and influential works. He would have missed the rude experience which has given him his knowledge of this wild and incalculable world. He admits that the Great Good Place cannot be found, but even if he had found it, I do doubt whether that would have helped him in his central aim of "making over the world":—

> "In diverse forms and spirits we are making over the world, so that the primary desires and emotions, the drama of the immediate individual life, will be subordinated more and more, generation by generation, to beauty and truth, to universal interests and mightier aims."

He is a nobly incorrigible optimist. He is possessed by a conviction that the coming great world of order is real and sure.

"For us", he says, "the undying us of our thought and experience, that great tomorrow is certain". It is a consoling or encouraging belief, but if this hopeful prophet had lived in charming detachment from foul or sorrowful humanity, where would have been the consolation or the encouragement of his works?

There is no calm isolation about the story he tells here of his own life as it was. He speaks, he says, as a *persona* in the Freudian sense—the sort of person one most likes to think one is. I suppose everyone likes to speak or write of himself in those terms, unless he is infected by the mania of confession, driving him to exhibit sins he was never guilty of. But the *persona* was originally the mask through which Roman actors spoke upon the stage, and in most writers of autobiography there lingers something of the dramatic mask. Mr. Wells strips the disguise off as much as he can, and the result is the study of a intensely interesting development fro a childhood in a sordid beginning Bromley through various uncongeni or unendurable efforts at making a livel hood up to the start of enterprises whic led not only to wealth and worldwid fame, but to the opportunity for th exercise of his true faculties, which mean the highest happiness possible humanity.

As we read we seem to watc destiny barring one hopeless avenu after another, until at last she guide him into the right and narrow way fo his genius to follow. Draper's assistan in one shop after another, usher various inferior schools in turn, teache by correspondence—he fails each tim And the strange thing is that destin employed disaster on each occasion drive him right, just as a good coachma may use the touch of a whip. He break his leg, his father breaks his thigh, h smashes a kidney at football, he spi quantities of blood from the lungs—eac disaster supplies fresh opportunity fo knowledge and an opening towards h rightful goal. Badly bred, badly fe brought up in a filthy house by a casu father and a godly, harassed, incapab mother, thin to a skeleton, alway hungry, often at the last extreme poverty, he was yet possessed by tha kind of irresistible vitality which ha driven him all his life with the force of a internal combustion engine, always read for the next enterprise, so that at fift four, for instance, he could plunge int a History of the World, of which h knew little, and yet could make it a enormous success. Look at the list his works, think of their power, the imagination, their fame so well deserve and you will recognize what vitalit means.

The present volume ends with h early success as a journalist, chief under Cust, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, an

must have been about that time 94) that I first heard his name. For was then publishing something with M. Dent, the founder of the famous n, and being called away for ten nutes, he handed me a manuscript, ing, " Just have a look at this, and me what you think". When he came k I said, " The idea is superb! A son bringing down an angel with a t-gun: glorious!" It was *The Wonful Visit*, which I suppose was the t of the great series of the author's mphs. But the present volume tells y of the struggle before the triumph an.

There are many other points in the ume which one would like to discuss length: such as his violent opposition Christianity: " At the test of war, ase, social injustice, and every real man distress, it fails—and leaves a ated victim, as it abandoned my ther "; " always an absent help in es of trouble". Or again, his equally lent attack upon Marxism, " its usible, mystical and dangerous idea reconstituting the world on a basis mere resentment and destruction", he simple panacea of that stuffy, egotred, and malicious theorist", " an eebling epidemic of spite", " the laria of the Russian effort to this day". d yet again, the contempt poured on the Œdipus complex and the ilar stuff which the psychoanalysts ach. He suffered much from many se teachers. Perhaps most from those o persuaded him to be " confirmed " ugh he had no belief in the rite, just Heine suffered most from his "conrsion " to Lutheranism. But let me l on one of the happier notes. In xley he found a true teacher, and year he spent under him at South nsington (1884-1885) was " the most ucational year of his life". Darwin l Huxley he calls " those mighty inectual liberators".

CONFUCIANISM AND MODERN CHINA. By Reginald F. Johnston, K.C.M.G. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

ALTHOUGH this book necessarily cannot have the dramatic appeal of *Twilight in the Forbidden City*, it is one most warmly to be recommended. More and more the West begins to recognize that it must recast its ideas of China by standards of accurate information—somewhere, that is, between the prejudices of " diehards " and the dangerous sentimentality of the " uplifters ". To this end *Confucianism and Modern China* is as valuable as it is enthralling. It is delightfully written (and very charmingly illustrated); it makes no demand on previous knowledge of China; it is essentially a book that must appeal to all readers interested in the thoughts and passions that have swayed great masses of men; and its author's almost unequalled knowledge of Chinese philosophy is reinforced by the widest reading and close acquaintance with comparative religions.

Whether Confucianism is properly to be called a religion is, as Sir Reginald Johnston shows, a debatable point. That the Sage himself believed in a Personal God is plain from many passages in his writings. But by the time of Chu Hsi, the great Confucian critic of the twelfth century, this side of his teaching had been practically eliminated. Hence, perhaps, the antagonism of so many Christian missionaries, who may not quite relish some of Sir Reginald Johnston's criticisms. But he can also quote Dr. John Ross of Manchuria, one of the most distinguished of the missionary body, with others who might be mentioned, who urged the missionaries to " claim Confucius as an ally, not oppose him as a foe ".

The reader may judge for himself. The first chapter gives fourteen passages selected by the greatest Confucian scholar of modern times, a man of singularly noble character, Mr. Chêng Hsiao-hsü,

now Prime Minister of Manchukuo, as containing the quintessence of Confucius's teaching. It is impossible to resist the profound appeal, lying beneath the simplest phrasing, of these injunctions, or to overrate the tremendous implications of ancestor worship and filial piety, the last phrase far exceeding the significance of the English words and covering practically every act of life. During the nineteenth century Confucianism largely stiffened into mere form and ceremonial, but that was not the Sage's fault, and the fact remains that no influence has so deeply imbued and moulded the Chinese people and bound together their many heterogeneous elements through centuries of varying fortune as Confucianism.

During the past twenty or thirty years China has hurtled through not one but at least five political upheavals, and been swamped with waves of alien educational and social revolution. It was not surprising that the reformers should turn viciously against Confucius. Few if any of their actions would stand the test of his pure, exalted standards. His belief in an ideal Emperor was anathema to those who had declared against all monarchies. The younger generation, preaching self-determination and companionate marriage, girded against discipline in any form. Whatever was old was abominable. Yuan Shih-kai, with a true instinct of wh China really needs, inaugurated a Co fucian revival. But it died with hi Persecution followed. Armies of riv Tuchuns fought across the sacred grou of Confucius's birthplace, which eve barbaric invaders had respected. A between the horrible years 1923-30, Sir Reginald Johnston says, "Co fucianism may be said to have touch the nadir of its fortunes".

To those who believe in China (whi must include all who know her), the things are transient superficialitie Often Confucius has seemed to defeated by rivals for Court favou Always he has come back. The fa that in 1929 the sheer weight of publ opinion could stop the Kuomintang, th at the height of their power, from seizi the Confucius family's estate shows t true feeling of China. And already, Sir Reginald Johnston says, there a enough evidences of a Confucian reviv —even Canton is studying him, and h birthday has been put back among offici festivals—to give "good grounds for moderate optimism".

In fact, the revolutionaries have be fighting against something that did n exist. Confucius never enjoined loyal to a bad king. Mencius, his greate follower, preached the people's right revolution so strongly that the fi Ming Emperor tried to degrade hi from his place in the Confucian cu If Confucius believed in an imper form of government, it was possib because no other system seemed feasi in his day. In the best sense of the wo he was essentially democratic.

After all, the Sage's true pow resides, not in politics, but in his abili to produce the *chün-tzŭ*, the "gent man" in its highest sense, the ide aimed at by every true Chinese, whi has raised their civilization to a poi exceeded by none.

O. M. GREEN.

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LIBERTY AND LEADERSHIP

By WICKHAM STEED.

RITAIN'S POLITICAL FUTURE. A Plea for Liberty and Leadership, by Lord Allen of Hurtwood. *Longmans.* 6*s.*

HIS essay on contemporary politics is, reality, a bulky pamphlet. Lord len of Hurtwood says he meant to ite a pamphlet and found it had come a book. He would have done tter to stick to his original intention d to boil down or "inwardly digest" matter so as to bring it within a ore modest compass. The essentials his thesis—which is sound and conncing in the main—could have been ore briefly stated and would have ained by compression. As it is, the tention of readers may be diverted om them and turned towards conoversial points of minor moment.

Shorn of superfluities, the author's aim is that the real need of the times, pecially in Great Britain, is for an djustment of men's minds to modern onditions by political leaders of vision "something equivalent to an act of aith". He notes the failing of faith many quarters, even in the Labour ovement to which, apparently, he still elongs, and the present lack of a genuine sense of purpose". "It was hat faith in purpose which received such shock", he adds, "when, in 1929-31, abour seemed to play with the politics f government. Having at last reached he stage of government, our words ust result in brave action. If we are ver again to be defeated, it must be ecause we did things, and not because e abstained from doing them."

Those who imagine that, in saying his, Lord Allen of Hurtwood is at one ith Sir Stafford Cripps and the Socialist eague will find themselves mistaken. Ie believes, no doubt, in a "Government of Action", and suggests how such a Government could be formed. But, in his view, it should be a Government of co-operation between political parties whose leaders would pay more heed to the things that unite than to the things that divide them. They would, for instance, stand together for democracy against dictatorship, and would seek to make National Government a reality. He believes that "nearly all thoughtful and public-spirited men and women have now been won over to desire the same thing. All see the peril; many see the opportunity. Most of them know in their hearts what ought now to be done, and yet they remain silent or are afraid to confess what they believe".

Hence, the author argues, the recent tendency on the part of electors to abstain from political activity. By-elections since 1931 show the victory not of this or that party, but of indifference, for no political party speaks to the people in tones that command attention or in words of faith that kindle faith in others.

This is true. If it is questionable whether Lord Allen's idea of kindling faith in his scheme of domestic reform will appeal to many minds, his handling of the one problem on which our people do feel strongly—that of peace or war—is, on the whole, shrewd and powerful. He says rightly that "the people are wholeheartedly in favour of a bold peace policy, but wait for this to be expressed in a straightforward proposal that meets its most urgent need—the need for Security. Disarmament is the wrong approach. The Government and the Pacifist have failed in this matter. . . . There is only one immediate hope of stopping war, and that is by finding

the way to make nations feel secure so that they and their citizens may cease to be afraid ".

If the leader of some great nation would challenge the governments of the world by an act of leadership, Lord Allen declares, the tension would be lessened, the paralysis removed; there would be an immediate response if a nation with the peculiar authority of our own should ask for a Peace Conference, rather than a Disarmament Conference, to think out afresh this problem of security which has emerged as the key to every other aspect of international co-operation. " Agreement on disarmament must include a collective guarantee that the agreement will be kept."

Here Lord Allen's zeal outruns experience. Conferences do not " think out " problems; either they run away from them or mask disagreement by worthless formulæ. The first requisite is not to summon a Peace Conference. Rather is it to think out in advance a British peace policy so sound, and to make it so clearly and fully known, that on the basis of it the peace-loving nations of Europe and the world could form a united front against war. Whether or not the decisions of this united front were afterwards registered at a Peace Conference or elsewhere would matter comparatively little. What is important and urgent is that the thing should be done.

It will not be done solely by pleading for an international police force. Here, again, Lord Allen of Hurtwood needs to think more deeply. An international police force, however and whenever set up, could only be formed to uphold an accepted common law of nations. And the law of any international community in search of security will need to be modelled on English common law which provides security against successful lawlessness in this country by forbidding individual citizens to be neutra in any clash between the lawless an the guardians of the law.

ESSAYS OF THE YEAR 1933-1934
Argonaut Press. 5s.

PITY the poor selector of this mercifully mixed bag of essays! Judging by quit a fair number of them, he must hav yawned portentously over the man rejected as inferior, and but for th possession of a " name " it is doubtfu whether some of these authors woul have found themselves included here.

For the historian of literature, how ever, a book such as this has consider able value. By juxtaposition it point a contrast, if not a moral. Perhaps w may take the moral first and state quite categorically, that it is high tim the editors of our weeklies ceased t accept on the strength of a name, an our best-known essayists to sacrifice themselves on the altar of popularity and the editorial fiat. It is not merely to their greater length and substance tha the essays here reprinted from month lies and quarterlies owe their marked superiority over those which hav appeared in the weekly press. The shor essay, properly handled by an autho not hopelessly overwritten, can shine as bright as any lyric. Of those here dis played too large a proportion, by contrast with those of greater length are distinguished neither in style no in inspiration, despite Mr. Ivor Brown's introductory assurance that necessity is the mother of the latter. Were the authors with the names that draw faced (as few of them probably are) with Necessity other than editorial and less overworked as professional entertainers there might have been more essays in this volume equal to its finer examples —in almost every case the work of an author whose name is much less of a household word.

JOHN LINNELL.

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TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

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A POET'S READING

By EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY: A Critical Anthology, by Edith Sitwell. *Duckworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

EVERY anthology, however precise and scholarly its purpose, presents in some measure a portrait of its maker; and it has been clear, on the separate publications of the three collections here brought together, that Miss Edith Sitwell was giving us more vividly and freely than most anthologists a *confessio fidei* in poetical matters. Her general title at the outset showed that. While on all sides the new signatories were strictly meditating a thankless muse, and determining their way of poetry with austere sense of modern necessities, Miss Sitwell thus claimed a Mayday privilege, and sang out that she was not joining the breakdown gang. In a plain title she emphasized one part of the late Sir Philip Sidney's *Apology*: "Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden."

What, then, is the ultimate state of a work which began to appear in 1930? *The Pleasures of Poetry* is a volume approaching 700 pages, divided into three parts: "Milton and the Augustan Age", "The Romantic Revival", and "The Victorian Age"; and prefixed to each part is a lengthy causerie. As for the poems included, Miss Sitwell has confessed a difficulty at the beginning; she could not, under existing conditions, insert such pieces as *King Lear* or *Paradise Lost.* But, apart from such really extensive works she has not excluded long poems, "The Dunciad", for instance, or "The Witch of Atlas". Her occasion gave her freedom from any call to represent all that has been admired in the periods she has taken; *The Pleasures of Poetry* will not serve the purpose of, say, Ward's *English Poets,* or even the *Golden Treasury.* It is a plump and well-complexioned album reflecting the taste and reading of a poet—one might almost call it a poetico-graph.

"I am certain to be reproved," Miss Sitwell says, ". . . both for the crime of enjoying myself, and because . . . I have refused to include any poems which I do not enjoy, or any poets who, according to my feeling, should be rejected." That is candid enough for anyone. "I cannot, and will not, include such versifiers as Mr. T. E. Brown, with his 'wot', 'plot', 'god', 'grot' complex . . . Nor will I weary my readers with the whimpering Eileen Aroons and Dark Rosaleens of this time. . . . It would, also, be a mere act of treachery on my part to include the verses of the woman of genius who wrote *Wuthering Heights*; these verses are as inferior and as mawkish as the novel is instinct with fire and passion." With these unfortunates, Miss Sitwell also thrusts out Matthew Arnold, cramming his cap and gown into his hands as he goes.

> But things like this, you know, must be
> In culling the Pleasures of Poetry.

The great point is the animation and fervour with which the anthologist and light-giver has gone about her flowery work.

Her introductions, as must be well own to most readers, are largely voted to the delicacies of the poetic as she recognizes them; and, what- er may be said by individual tech- ians against her details, the principal ument must be that her general trine is sound. There is no hope for try if it is not to be listened to with pecial fineness of attention. You or night write

An Ancient Mariner it is,

do nothing wrong metrically, but poet wrote

It is an Ancient Mariner,

requires of us the recognition that s was the only way. Towards such ognition, but in many other and ofounder questions of effect, Miss well's critical considerations lead. In es where she finds richness of picture d tone and we do not, the main value her work goes on; and the taste ich has not coincided with hers on particular detail proceeds all the better the discussion. It cannot be common possess such a faculty for response to ets' minutest intimations as that which ese introductions disclose.

Are they passages of criticism proper, are they dreams on the borderland poetry, these interpretations of vourite poems? Miss Sitwell takes ristina Rossetti's "Goblin Market" be "the most perfect poem written any woman in the English language" and she then shares with us some of e pleasures in which its words and ovements involve her mind. "In Currants and gooseberries' the word gooseberries' is, very slightly, longer an 'currants'; it brings us, too, into dark shadow, coming after 'bil- rries." In 'Bright fire-like barberries' e line lengthens again, like 'Rare pears nd greengages'; the bird's wings are eavy with dew as it flies. The beginning the line is sharp and bright with nlight, because of the sharp 'i's' in

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MACMILLAN

'bright' and 'like' (brought close together); and it is lengthened, too, by the word 'fire', which is a brighter echo of 'rare' and 'pears'. Then the word 'barberries' makes the line dip, like a bough heavy with these berries" . . . Such appreciation is a larger growth of Pope's verse, "The sound should be an echo to the sense", and informs us how keen a poet is in vocabulary and prosodic discriminations. To catch up this kingfisher, to perceive as this consciousness perceives, is a considerable task for "tame villatic fowl".

"These effects", Miss Sitwell grants, "are partly, though not entirely, a matter of association." It was a curious exercise for the present reviewer, several years since, to submit to Japanese students with a regard for English poetry some of the rhyme-sounds and syllable-values which occur in our verse, and discover how far these naturally made an effect on their fancy. Somebody who has done more along those lines should write a supplement to Miss Sitwell's readings of poetic essentials. Meanwhile, she has added a characteristic document, with copious illustrations, to contemporary criticism of poetry, and her "Pleasures" have this advantage over much of the other analysis now prevalent—that they are warm and glad. They speak of Helicon, and regions of enchantment—and they speak at the right time.

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STATIONERY

ONE FAIR DAUGHTER, by Owen Rutter. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THERE are three ways of bringing up children. The first is to spoil them by kindness; the second is to spoil them by discipline; and the third is to spoil them by indifference. I find that in practice I adopt the last method, probably because, like that unpleasant person St. Paul, I am not amused by childish things. I detest the noise children make, my nerves are exasperated by their destructive curiosity, and I am bored and stifled by their nursery interests. I try conscientiously to recall the intensity of thought and feeling which animate their lives, but I find that my imagination has died in that respect, and that my memories of my own infancy are dim and reluctant. It is an absolute agony to me to have to try and write a letter to a child.

I make all these confessions because I believe I represent a large section of adult humanity which today is puzzled and secretly rebellious about the modern sanctification of the child. My perverse reaction against this attitude almost makes me agree with John Wesley that a child should be put in a school where he or she begins lessons at five in the morning and goes on until nine at night, with no pause for games.

I am therefore not qualified to review Mr. Rutter's book. It makes me writhe. It turns my stomach. Yet when I examine his principles and practice I find it difficult to disagree with any particular detail. He is very sensible about such things as religious instruction, choice of school, inculcation of a social sense. He appears to have almost a genius for instructive games. And he actually enjoys playing with children.

Thinking it over calmly, I believe my instinctive revulsion from his book is mainly due to one unfortunate and distorting convention which he adopts. He eliminates the mother from the book. He might be a widower writing for

owers. And they are always slightly aetic people. The only passive part red by Mr. Rutter in the life of his child whom he calls "Twinkle" when she was in the act of leaving womb. The reader feels that Mr. tter must have resented that maternal rference. Then again he believes ral things which I disbelieve. He s that men "are usually fonder of ldren than women are. They often e better mothers than women". I eve that they *seldom* make better hers than women. Take, for ince, Mr. Midshipman Easy's mother. drank so much gin that she died of ntaneous combustion. Yet Midshipn Easy respected her and grew up a decent fellow, partly on the ngth of that respect. I hope that winkle", mothered so exclusively by Rutter, will grow up into as decent ember of society as Midshipman Easy.

hen I disagree with Mr. Rutter's tement that "grown men and women as alike as motor-buses compared h children, who are the real inidiuals of the earth: before education convention have shaped their nds". I think children are different m each other, but that it is difficult see this difference because it has not n developed by the individualistic wth determined by the infinite variety experience. Roughly speaking, ldren's interests are limited and dull. ey share a vehement passion for the ast or the bottle, and very little else, least in the early and most repulsive ges of life. Gradually they become ittle less unicellular and biological, l they make noises and gestures by ich an adult (other than the mother, in the present case, Mr. Rutter) tinguishes for the first time one ld from another. Gradually signs of bit, predilection, mania, idiosyncracy pear in these fallow personalities, and child displays that something of

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difference which makes him or her a distinguishable member of human society. Until then a child is usually conventional, conservative, greedy, prejudiced, and all the other evil things which cannot be shaken out of the system even when we are supposed to be grown up. Youth is a vice and a disease which even that wise physician Time cannot eradicate. It tries for three-score years and ten, and then it destroys us in the process.

Mr. Rutter also says that "fear is made and not born". I believe the opposite, that the child, "born in others' pain" enters the world reluctantly, howling with misery. It fears the hand of the nurse, the friendly tongue of the dog, the benevolent darkness. It fears to leave the mother's lap, it "creeps unwillingly to school", it is terrified and shy of other children, adults loom over it like ogres. Such is the mad fantasy of the savage, the child. Knowledge, reason, courage, enterprise come later, as the personality grows and feeds upon experience. But Mr. Rutter would eliminate fear. He wants to edit the moments of the infant's day, to tear whole pages and stories out of the fairy-tale canon. But he should begin earlier. He should begin when the child is in the womb, a victim of the bio-chemical conflicts of the mother's blood as she reacts to *her* environment of love, hope, greed, terror. He should censor the news travelling through the umbilical cord, so that when the child appears into this world, it will be a white, immaculate little corpse, safe for his experiment, unstained by contact with its mother, that factor which he has so jealously excluded from any part in this book.

"Swift always put things a trifle crudely", says Mr. Rutter, "but although he was never a father . . . ." I wish, in both respects, that Mr. Rutter were like Swift. RICHARD CHURCH.

THE NAVAL MEMOIRS O ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SI ROGER KEYES : The Narrow Sea to the Dardanelles, 1910-191 *Thornton Butterworth.* 21*s.*

A SHORT time ago, in writing abou Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keye I referred to him as the veritable Nelso of today, and his book of Memoi only goes to confirm me in my opinio Although the book contains a good dea of criticism of the Admiralty and hi senior officers, yet, as one would expec from a man like Admiral Keyes, wh has had long and distinguished servic himself both at the Admiralty and a Commander-in-Chief, his criticisms ar fairly made with a sense of responsi bility and supported by fact.

Not only this, but in nearly all case referred to in the book it is not a cas of being wise after the event, but w have exactly what Admiral Keye thought, said, and did at the time which makes his remarks and criticism of real historical value.

He says in his Foreword that he hope that if his Memoirs "meet the eye o the younger generation, they will hel them to avoid the mistakes we made." In this connection it is perhaps a pity that Admiral Keyes has confined hi Memoirs to a limited period which only covers his time in the Submarin Service and at the Dardanelles. Hi earlier experiences, showing how hi character of loyalty, courage, darin and independence had developed durin his service in the China War and i destroyers, culminating in the recor we have before us and the glorious epi story of Zeebrugge, might have bee included under the title.

In the opening chapter we get a insight into the manner in whic Admiral Fisher formed his likes o dislikes, very often based on rumours and one can see how this sort of thin continues to this day; but, as far a

miral Keyes was concerned, the dis- acted in his favour in the long a. Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson of the me period, on the other hand, was ick to realise that in Keyes he had a ng captain of an independent and ceful character, and not what is en called the "standard pattern val officer", *i.e.* one who obeys lers and complies with the regula- ns.

Keyes was a "salt horse", an officer th general sea experience, but not a cialist in *matériel* or any particular nch, such as gunnery, etc.—a good, -round seaman, in fact. To him was rusted the Submarine Service, a hly technical service it is true, yet yes was the man for the job, for he ught with him a great knowledge personnel, a most important factor the Submarine Service; whilst he d the sense to surround himself with e best expert advisers on technical tters available. In fact, he never tended to be a "know-all", yet en we come to the war chapters, e is left with the impression that the ly thought he had in his mind was full speed ahead, attack the enemy"— t even this thought was tempered with at sound judgment required of a ring leader.

The early days of the war found eyes in charge of the submarines in e North Sea, not organised as he vocated but in the best way he uld get out of an Admiralty which as not itself agreed as to how to use em. The many disadvantages of the troduction of wireless are well illus- ated in Keyes's experiences at this me. Messages often unnecessarily de- yed or wrongly coded led to missed pportunities, whilst the very fact that e Admiralty were always "listening- " often deprived officers of initiative. Fisher's return to the Admiralty led Keyes finding himself as Chief of

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the Staff of the various Naval Commanders-in-Chief at the Dardanelles campaign. Much has been written on this subject, but Keyes's account is that of a man who was on the spot throughout and who "felt" the situation and what was required. After the first great naval attack when battleships had been lost and things looked bad, and the Naval Commander-in-Chief expected to be relieved of his command, Keyes wrote referring to the enemy: "I thought he was beaten at 2 p.m. I knew he was beaten at 4 p.m., and at midnight I knew with still greater certainty that he was absolutely beaten." Yet the advantage was never pushed home

At a later date Keyes, after continually pressing for a naval attack, got permission to come home (with the assent of Admiral de Roebeck—a very generous and broad-minded act on his part) to place his scheme before the Admiralty. It was a daring scheme, and one which awakened the enthusiasm of Mr. Balfour, the First Lord, who asked Keyes's opinion as to who should command the attempt. The Sea Lords could not agree amongst themselves nor take the responsibility, nor yet could the question of the seniority of Admirals be ignored. Had a board with imagination said to Keyes: "This is your plan, you are Commander-in-Chief, go and carry it out," another story about Gallipoli might well have been written. But, as Keyes says in his book, "Not one of the Sea Lords had any experience of the Dardanelles, or had ever seen a shot fired in war." Keyes was only a Commodore and the job was worthy at least of a Vice-Admiral.

One leaves the book with a feeling that Keyes was a man whose experiences are worth reading, and a man who could well write a lot more, to the advantage not only of the coming generation but of the present one.

GORDON CAMPBELL.

CROMWELL, by John Buchan. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 21s.

CROMWELL, by Hilaire Belloc. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

NOTHING could be more fortunate than the coincidental appearance of these two extraordinarily interesting and able books. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Buchan are of different schools. Mr. Buchan is of those who would accept the balance of modern English life as on the whole a good balance; Mr. Belloc is of the opposition. It is, therefore, the more interesting to see how far they agree in their interpretations of the character of a man who stood at one of the great turning points of English history.

They are agreed in their account of the circumstances that produced the quarrel between Charles and the Parliament. "The shrinkage in value of the ordinary revenue of the Crown, which paid for the governance of England" (owing, of course, to the very steep rise in prices during the sixteenth century), writes Mr. Buchan in a footnote, "made it necessary for the Crown to apply regularly for what had hitherto been exceptional grants, and Parliament exacted as the price of these a complete revolution in its constitutional status." Mr. Belloc has often made the same point—notably in his *History of England* and his *Charles I.* It so happened that Parliament was dominated by a group who were inflamed by a most violent hatred of Popery and who, as the price of their giving money to the King, insisted on his following a religious policy which his conscience did not allow him to follow. Hence the quarrel.

So far so good. Mr. Belloc is, of course, characteristically careful to point out that in no sense was the Parliament representative of the people. Mr. Buchan in one place—on page 108—does, it is true, speak of the House of Commons as "the English people's own creation," but we think that it must be by a slip

e pen that he does so, for in half a
n other places he brings out most
bly the undoubted truth that, by
time that the religious issue was
d, and long before it got to fighting,
ic opinion was on the side of the
, that free elections on any sort
xtended franchise would certainly
returned overwhelming royalist
rities.

e question that one cannot but ask
erning this strange period was what
ght into being this energetic body
nen, filled with a hatred of Popery
was hardly sane. Every English-
of Cromwell's day was sprung from
ncestry that had been Catholic but
e generations at the most before.
lived in an England that had been
e by men breathing a Catholic air.
r. Belloc very well shows, there were
few even among the Puritans who did
ave near relatives who were Catholic.
this strange obsession? Mr. Buchan
ains it through history. "The
ger from Spain had identified Pro-
ntism with patriotism; events on
Continent . . . the Marian persecu-
s at home had become a legendary
or as presented by popular writers."
s a plausible explanation, but is it
? If the Spanish Armada were really
ght of by contemporaries as the
h between two cultures, how is it
there is no mention of it at all in
ular Elizabethan or Jacobean litera-
, that even under the Cecils England
rned without difficulty to her ancient
nish alliance? It is extraordinary,
that throughout all Elizabeth's
n there is hardly a word of abuse of
y. Foxe, of course, but Foxe—*et
terea nihil*. What other "popular
ters"? One would expect to find
Cromwellian propaganda filled with
s of Marian horrors. It is this very
ectation which makes it the more
prising that it is not. So far from
e horrors being "legendary" in

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Cromwell's time, Burnett records that, when in 1680 he was deliberately trying to beat up anti-Catholic feeling, "I laid open the cruelties of the Church of Rome in many instances that happened in Queen Mary's reign, *which were not then known.*"

Mr. Belloc's explanation of the Cromwellian hatred of Popery is that it is the nature of the Faith to be either loved or hated. This is up to a point true, and it would account for a man who would not himself accept Catholicism taking sane steps to prevent it from returning to influence in England. It would account for him refusing, say, to allow the Catholics to establish an educational system in England. It would not account for the utterly wanton massacre of Basing House. Nor is it true to say that the Puritans were but fanatical in an age of fanaticism. On the contrary, in Cromwell's day sane men in every European country were coming to see that neither Protestantism nor Catholicism was strong enough entirely to sup press its rival and that therefore compromise of live-and-let-live must b found. Thus there had been the Edic of Nantes in France. The Thirty Year War in Germany was working itself ou to the formula of *Cuius regio eius religio* It was towards some such sensible com promise that Charles in England an Strafford in Ireland were feeling thei ways, but the Puritans would hav none of it. They were not the sane anti Catholics who are determined tha Catholicism shall not dominate; they were the insane anti-Catholics who ar determined that Catholicism shall no exist, that it is an unclean thing.

Cromwell quite certainly did possess streak of this insanity—one cannot cal it anything else—a peculiarity not a all incompatible with that grea humanity on occasions when it was no aroused, which Mr. Buchan very rightl finds in him. I think that this streak little came out in the killing of the King Both our authors tell this story wit fascinating lucidity, though differing i their judgment when it was that Cromwe made up his mind that Charles must di Both think that Cromwell killed Charle in self-preservation and are inclined t think that he was right in saying that was Charles' life or his. But was he right Whatever he did, his life could never b secure again. But was killing Charle and so making him a martyr, the be policy? Would it not have been bett to have exiled him? Of course he woul have plotted in exile, but then th royalists were going to plot again Cromwell whatever he did, while th chances are that Charles in exile, lik most exiled kings, would have declin in dignity. What sort of a figure wou his great-grandson have cut in history they had captured him after Culloden an executed him in London? Who, the would be on the English throne to-day

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

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SELECTED FICTION

TAIN NICHOLAS, by Hugh lpole. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

IEN MUST WORK, by Richard lington. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

TAKING OF THE GRY, by John sefield. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

OD deal of trouble would be saved viewing if the distinction between *ture* and *entertainment* could be rigidly observed; in the case of ls, we might keep the word "novel" escribe a story belonging to the class, and "fiction" for the second. , with so many geniuses about, we ld begin to know where we were. ould be possible, for example, to e Mr. Walpole very highly indeed n expert *fictionist,* without giving impression that we were advancing claims for a place in the literature he novel.

aptain Nicholas is the equivalent, ng novels, of a play which we can enjoy because it is "good stage." must be judged, I think, by the dard of readableness and diversion, on this level we shall find the acters and scenes effective, and the ation admirably suited to its pur-

r. Walpole gives us, then, a well- o family living in London after the Aunts, uncles, cousins, an old dmother, as well as several children the different branches, hang ther in the same house with ability and even affection. Perhaps oldest of them has already retreated the past; the younger are knocking he doors; but on the whole there working agreement between them which ensures some rosy scenes.

We begin with a family tea-party. Captain Nicholas is announced. There is a general excitement and a feeling that in the next few weeks he will buck things up a little—for he means, of course, to stay the length of the book. The Captain is a good fellow with a bit of a past; he has been mysteriously abroad; he is being black-mailed; he has a taste for Chinese poetry, charades, and extracting confessions from his relatives. A magnetic, sinister and attractive individual. The temperature begins to rise. Everyone is pleased with the intrusion, there is more wine at dinner and better conversation after it: the Captain starts to move. Instinctively, through sheer good nature one might say, he extracts the secrets of those round him. The middle-aged spinster who, to the delight of the family, is receiving letters from a distant admirer, confesses privately that she writes them herself; a young girl reveals that she is living secretly with a poet already married. Captain Nicholas, like a busy bee, sucks the honey of several such innocent seeming flowers. And he is hard up, of course—they are willing enough to lend. But he also steals a valuable gold snuff-box. After a few weeks there are the mutterings of scandal, then open rows, for the Captain has a knack of letting out secrets without involving himself. His charm is irresistible, but either the family must break up in disorder, or Captain Nicholas must go. He is denounced by a lady whom he has treated in a particularly caddish way. He goes, with an invitation in his pocket to stay —"quite a while, we hope"—at the house of friends in Herefordshire. . . .

Mr. Walpole tells this story entertainingly and well. I do not mean to suggest that his treatment of it is superficial; on the contrary, he reveals the lives of a number of people with sympathy and charm. He does "create" successfully the particular world of which he is writing. Nevertheless, although Mr. Walpole is a fictionist of intelligent and persuasive powers, he is not in my sense of the word a true novelist—I do not think, in fact, that *Captain Nicholas*, good as it is, can by any stretch of criticism be treated as a piece of literature. It is a very enjoyable and first-rate fiction.

By the same standard Mr. Aldington's *Women Must Work* falls a good deal short. As a craftsman, Mr. Walpole has him beaten in every respect. *Women Must Work* is *Anne Veronica* all over again, made to look up to date, and of course failing to equal Wells. The satire on suburban stuffiness seems to me nagging and inept; the young woman's bolt for freedom is "urgent" more in the newspaper sense than any other. The book is, however, written with a certain passion and is worth reading. The descriptions of a love-affair with a middle-aged lawyer of artistic tastes, and of the hardships of living as a typist in London on 30s. a week are authentic. Mr. Aldington mixes up good and bad satire, melodramatic "scenes" and passages of genuine insight and sensitiveness, with a recklessness which would make Bennett or Mr. Walpole shudder. But he is not dull.

The Taking of the Gry is a sea story, but not one of Mr. Masefield's best. He *can* write a sea-story in direct simple prose better than anyone living. Here, though, the narrative seems rather bald, and the simplicity uneventful. It might be read as a rest-cure from more pretentious fiction.

G. W. STONIER.

FONTAMARA, by Ignazio Silo
Methuen. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE TREASURE OF THE SIER MADRE, by B. Traven. *Chatto Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

LAND OF PROMISE, by Leo La *Lovat Dickson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ISLAND OF REFUGE, by John Fisl *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THOSE who have become sentimenta indulgent towards Italian Fascism mer because it has lasted a long time a has imposed silence upon the prote of humane and civilised people will well to read Signor Silone's novel. T book has been banned in Italy; it almost becoming a canon of critici that modern dictatorships cannot sta good books, and that good writ cannot stand dictators. *Fontamara* an exceedingly good book. It descri how a remote, "semi-savage" Ital village, living as it has for generati on the starvation line, is brought i contact with Fascism and is systema ally robbed of its means of living the upstart Fascist contractors. T story is told with calculated and cunn simplicity by the peasants themselv with faintly satirical wonder, with a feigning of incomprehension of intent of their persecutors and with simple but blasting humour. Faced this inscrutable childlike quality a malice of the peasants, the Fascists do nothing else but beat them up a kill them, which they do. This is very moving and very subtle bo purged of hatred but quite clear in purpose. Its didactic purpose is v assimilated if it is not invisible. The st is an object lesson to those novelists w are preoccupied with the social cr of our time, but who are overwrou about their material. The book minded me of Strindberg's tale of c flict between town and county, the called *Paul and Per.*

The other novels on this list also d

crucial contemporary issues. Thus
are rescued from that futility
has overtaken the rootless novel
ersonal relationships" in its tedious
e. Mr. John Fisher's English and
ican expatriates in their Sicilian
and villas, are people attempting
ape from the modern world while
on it. This, he shows, is the
eois dilemma. He has not much
style—it tends to the scenic
gue—but his people are firmly
and he knows how to construct
citing story. *Land of Promise* is
the Jews of the Ukraine. It
not the problem of decadence
f survival against a perfidy and
cution which have shocked Europe.

en Ludendorff needed Jewish sup-
or the War he promised a liberty
security which the Jews had
nown for generations. Escaping
the pogrom during the revolution,
wish family remembers the promise
goes to Germany. Today we know
what Aryan honour the Ludendorff
ise was kept. The family's bitter
ings are movingly described. One
vs the incredible resignation of the
le. Rosenberg, a Jewish lawyer who
ritually uprooted from his race, and
wins the Iron Cross during the
is brutally murdered by the Nazis.
again is an economical, realistic
ical novel, unremarkable for its
hological treatment, but with its
ics tolerably well in hand.

ave left the best book until the end.
Traven wrote *The Death Ship*,
his present novel, which deals with
expedition in search of gold in
co, is by far the best I have read
year. It is not perfect. Its tone
rhaps, too laconic, cool and bitter;
estraint may be considered mono-
us and posed; its end to have a
d moral tone. Even so, *The*
sure of the Sierra Madre surpasses
uspense, excitement, psychological
profundity, moral and social suggestive-
ness and skill of narrative, any of the
weekly batch of "masterpieces" ad-
vertised in the Sunday press.

Three men, Dobbs, Curtin and Howard, living in the squalor of a Mexican oil port, are so conditioned by corruption of the place—I mean the financial exploitation of the workers by the rich—that they turn to speculative escape in the common Mexican stories of hidden gold in the mountains. To work is useless, but gold means power. Dobbs is a down-and-out, Curtin is a cut above him and Howard is an old prospector. The men have no friend-ship for one another. They go up to the mountains, set to work on the mine they discover, plan what they will do with their share, defend the venture against bandits and finally depart, after months of gruelling slavery, no more tied to one another than they were at the beginning. It happens that the old man is obliged to stay behind in an Indian village and Dobbs and Curtin drive on, agreeing to bank the old man's share. Dobbs, the down-and-out, the man whom plutocratic exploitation has rendered completely cynical and amoral, proposes to rob the old man and to share with Curtin. But Curtin refuses. He cannot rob a man of the fruits of his work; to Dobbs, the under-dog, gold is not the fruit of work, but of luck. Dobbs plots to murder Curtin, and the most tense situation in a book which contains many, now is built up. I will not give away the secret of this extraordinary psychological duel in the Mexican mountains.

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre is a humane and powerful book, quivering with life, and of all the novels on this list it has come nearest to solving the problem of being contemporary without letting the ribs of propaganda show through.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

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THE VALLEY OF THE ASSASSINS, by Freya Stark. (*John Murray.*)

CHINESE TESTAMENT, by S. Tretiakov. (*Gollancz.*)

ONE'S COMPANY, by Peter Fleming. (*Cape.*)

THE GREAT DEPRESSION, by Lionel Robbins. (*Macmillan.*)

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